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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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For further information address: *The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

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THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XIX, No. II. Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as SECOND-CLASS MATTER. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized November 21, 1921.

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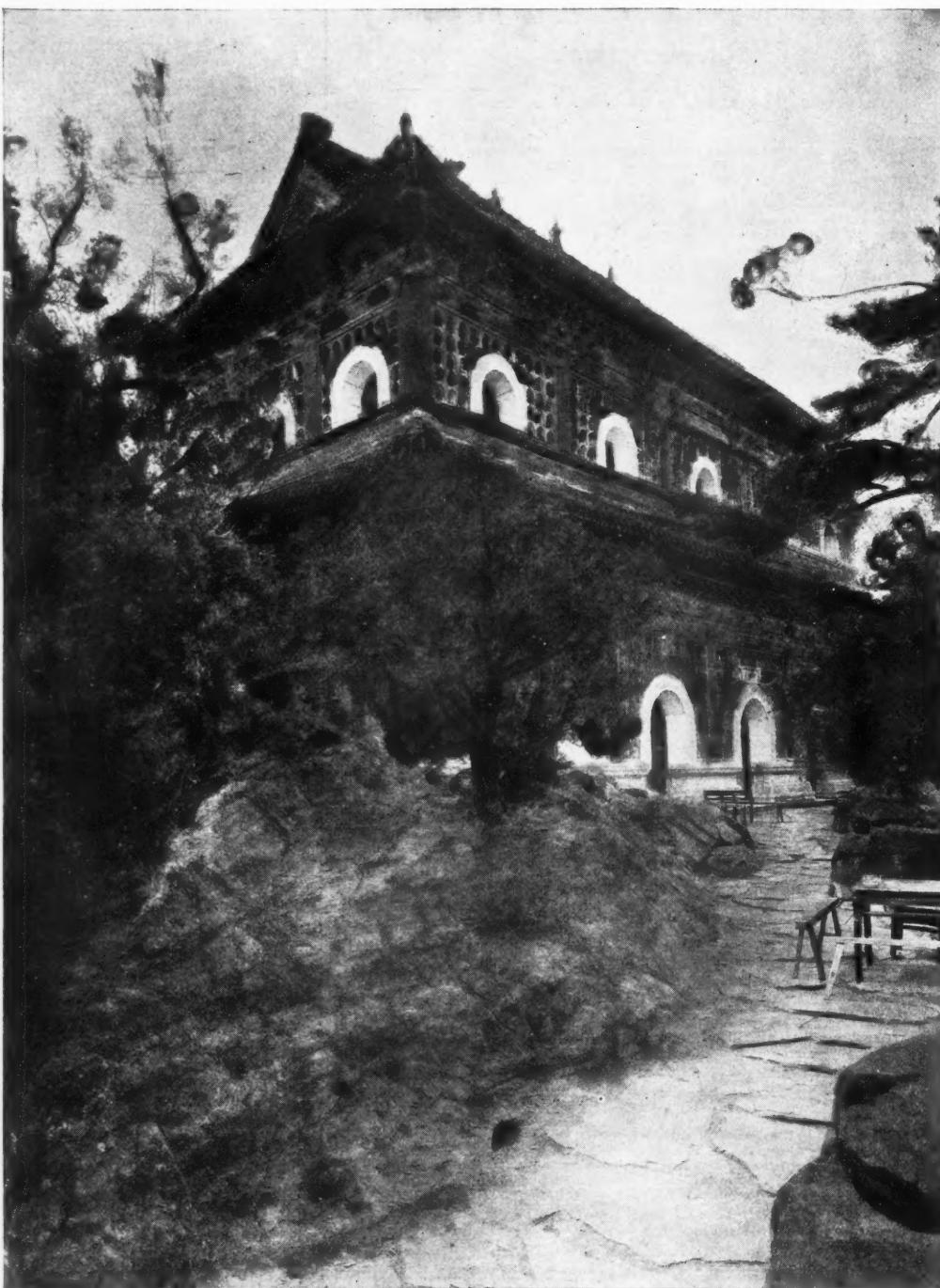
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THE EMPEROR'S WINTER PALACE, PEKING.
Typical style of Chinese architecture.

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1925

Father Ford on Church Architecture in the Orient.

CHURCHES — SCHOOLS — CONVENTS.

WHAT difference does it make whether the buildings erected in the Orient are of one style of architecture or another?

It makes this difference—that when a Westerner in building adopts the style of the country to which he goes, he pays a compliment to his new neighbors. And, if he is a missionary, he emphasizes the very sane principle of not imposing on an old civilization what is of questionable value to it.

We who would bring to Far Eastern peoples the knowledge and love of God recall that while we have much to give, since we are depositories and expounders of the Word of God, there is much that we can receive from our beneficiaries.

Fr. Ford has a word to say on this subject:

We Maryknollers are becoming deeply interested in the problem of Chinese Church architecture. I suppose each missionary in China, during his lifetime, builds at least five churches, judging from the past score of years in Yeungkong. Most of these, of course, are simply village chapels, and none of our larger churches will ever hope to compare in size with American churches. Yet the fact that we shall build at all gives ecclesiastical architecture quite a claim on our attention.

I remember hearing one of our cardinals, when auxiliary bishop, express his mind on architecture. It was after the consecration of a large church built by a good pastor whose taste in art was truly catholic and found expression in a church that represented every period from pagan Greek to Impressionistic modernism. The bishop's remarks were to the effect that "the evil that men do lives after them."

We in China are passing through somewhat the same phase of "culture-consciousness." But let me first apolo-

gize for attempting a criticism at all. It is not my place to comment on the work of other and older missionaries, and, in picking out the faults of Chinese churches, I have in mind especially one or two buildings or alterations I myself have made. You remember a recent letter of the Apostolic Delegate to China, addressed to our Msgr. Walsh, pleading for the expression of Chinese architecture in preference to imported types. We in America have had our experiences of poor taste in architecture; but most of the missionaries in China are from Europe and have had glorious cathedrals in which to pray. Naturally, on coming to China and meeting the need of building, they have copied with more or less success the lines of their best taste. What the Apostolic Delegate urged was a stimulating of effort to erect churches that would take Chinese artistic taste and ennable it by consecrating it to God. Chinese art has served paganism for centuries; we must now baptize it.

This suggestion does not mean that there has been no attempt to build churches along Chinese lines. At Yeungkong, and it is true everywhere, most of our village chapels are Chinese in style, simply because they were built for small congregations by local masons, and the line of least resistance, if for no other reason, would naturally impel us to let the native mason plan his own way. But larger churches are a different problem.

Even copying pagan temples is impracticable, for they were not built for liturgical services where several hundred worshipers must kneel as at Mass. They are simply receptacles for pagan idols and dwellings for their caretakers, visited by individuals who worship for a few moments, at no regular time. In shape they are foursquare, with an open court as a center; there are no windows and no need of them, as the

worship is physical and no books are read. They are hot in summer, cold in winter, and wet in rainy weather; but these inconveniences are not felt by the Chinese, who choose a clear day or hour.

To achieve, then, a practical building of Chinese style adequate for Catholic liturgy, will demand much thought. The roof offers no great obstacle, for there is but one style throughout China; it allows, however, no tower or dome, and, unless built high, it cannot be distinguished at a distance. The façade of Chinese temples is disappointing: it is the lowest of the walls, bare of ornament, and solid except for the doorway. The roof of the façade is supported by stone pillars braced by stone shafts, like goal posts; they are usually carved and offer some relief to the bareness of the exterior.

But the interior presents almost insurmountable obstacles. Windows are un-Chinese, at least exterior ones, although openings on the inner court are common. The interior of a temple is simply slender columns and flagged pavement. The sanctuary is raised above the rest, without a railing, and is similar to ours but that it extends the whole width of the building. The altar very often resembles a Catholic one, with table, flowers, candles, sanctuary lamps, and a canopied box within which the idol can be dimly seen through gauze curtains. Summing up, then, there is no difficulty with roof or sanctuary. It is the nave which is lacking; in temples an enclosed, unroofed court is substituted. For a Catholic congregation this must be roofed, but that would exclude light and air, and rob the building of a characteristic feature. Much of Chinese worship is done out of doors at roadside shrines and pagodas on the hills; so Chinese temples, with their open courtyards, have preserved much of the freedom of out-

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS.



A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN TIENTSIN.
Built by a European but suggestive of Chinese.

door worship. The court is sometimes lined with trees and contains a pond with goldfish and turtles.

The Apostolic Delegate did not urge a slavish imitation of Chinese temple style, but an adaptation of its best features. Curiously, he is the first, as far as I know, to view the possibility of a Catholic Chinese architecture. There is much weight to his pleading, in that he is an authority on the subject, and, hitherto, China has had few specialists to champion her art. As a prelude to a study of the subject, I scouted the chief bookstalls in Hongkong and Shanghai for literature. Only one had any book on Chinese architecture, and that sole book was priced at two hundred dollars; so the field evidently is virgin. However, I daresay the next decade will show a decided change in church building here, for, though China's missionaries are scattered far and wide, whenever they meet, the Delegate's letter is the inspiration for discussion and much wrinkling of brows that will result in a literal orientation of our churches of the future.

You might not have material means, but out of your heart's treasury, you can draw spiritual help for the missions. Send for an Apostles' Aid Card.

KOCHOW'S SCHOOL.

JUST as at home, September marked the opening of the schools and colleges throughout the country, so, too, at Kochow, it marked the opening of the lesser and greater schools. Among the greater, of course, we class our own—the Sacred Heart School. At first, it looked as though the enrollment would not run over the thirties, but, as the days passed on, we found a roster of eighty students. Among them are boys representing at least a dozen of the most prominent families in this neighborhood—one is the son of an ex-mandarin. The Kochow Sacred Heart School is now the largest of any in the Maryknoll mission.

September 21 was a notable day, since it was the first anniversary of our school. To give "face" to the occasion, we were forced, in Chinese fashion, to declare a three-day celebration. The boys entered into the spirit of the occasion, and decorated the walks, rooms, and buildings with dozens of Chinese lanterns, green branches, and paper flags representing all nations. After the boys' parade about the city in the morning, the public was given "the freedom of the school," and hundreds of people came in to "look and see" what the foreigners had to offer the Kochow colony.

September 25 brought round another school holiday, to honor the memory of Confucius, who, according to the minds of many, was the greatest of all Chinese students. He was born about 551 B. C., and successfully propagated his attractive personality through Confucianism, a system of moral, social, and religious teaching, which is still practised by millions of Chinese. The outstanding characteristic of the cult seems to consist in making offerings to dead ancestors. Our boys paraded to Nam Foo Tong, about a mile and a half away, where we have a chapel. It was an ideal day for a picnic, bright, sunny, and hot, and, like most picnics, everybody enjoyed it.

As at other places, there have been many questions asked about our school. Sending a boy to school is not a matter of course for these people, but is done only after much deliberation. The fathers want to know who is teaching, and what, and where the teacher was taught. Especially do they wish to know which of the classics are being offered, though most of them are unable to read or write. Now, the country people back in my home are "well-posted people," and desirous of having their children well educated, but I cannot imagine any of them solicitous as to whether Emerson is being read, or as to who is explaining Shakespeare.

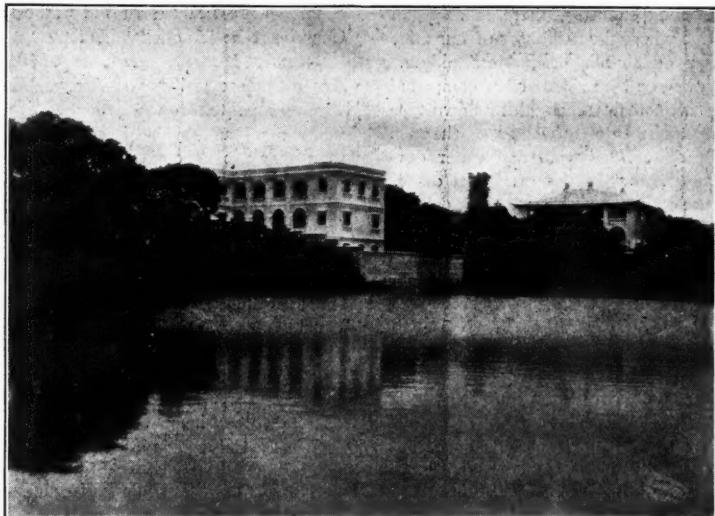
Our social schedule was a rather busy one for us, and showed that we were invited to and attended four banquets. One was given by the Opium Tax Commissioner, one by our school superintendent, another by a military officer, and the last by the Civil Mandarin, who gave us an opportunity to show that a foreign appetite has no objections to good Chinese food.

To Sodalities, Holy Name Societies, Fraternal Organizations, and Circles, we suggest the idea of supporting yearly, a missionary priest, or a missionary Brother or Sister, or a missioner's catechist. Three hundred dollars (to include travel expenses) will be needed for any one of the three missioners, and one hundred and eighty dollars for the catechist.

Loting's New Convent.

THE arrival of the Sisters in Loting very auspiciously occurred last Monday at noon, the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Birthday. As this date is already a propitious one in the Maryknoll annals, marking the first departure back in 1918, it augurs well for their work in Loting. Yesterday was the ninth Departure Day on the Home Knoll. The day here was very fittingly observed with a Missa Cantata at the convent. And a veritable holyday it was—in fact, each one of the past five days have been like holydays, for both Fr. McShane and myself have already begun to feel that the Sisters have brought many blessings to pagan Loting.

With the five Sisters assigned here are Sister Paul and Sister Imelda from Hongkong, on a visit. Needless to say, all are happy to be at Loting at last. They are, likewise, enthusiastically delighted with their new convent. Unfortunately, I had a little trouble with the workmen about oiling the floors and staining the windows during Fr. McShane's absence; so the convent was not quite ready for the Sisters when they arrived. Characteristically, though, they took charge immediately, with the result that their house was habitable that night. While not quite settled as



THE CONVENT THAT HAS RISEN IN OUR LOTING COMPOUND.
Provision has been thoughtfully made against the sweltering humidity of the summer months.

yet, all the spiritual exercises are being minutely observed, and the Sisters are apparently as happy and as devout as ever.

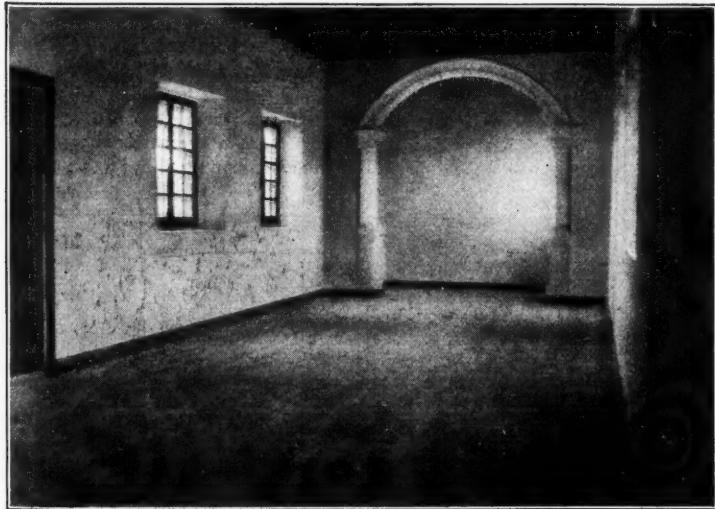
Coming up the South River took five days, but no one seemed to mind this monotonous journey in the least. That

Fr. McShane could offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning on the boat pleased the Sisters more than anything else.

Although Fr. McShane has been somewhat indisposed for the past few days, he still manages to oversee everything to the slightest detail. Who is the more happy, he or the Sisters, now that the latter have at length "invaded" Loting, would be difficult to state.

Like our house, which is built western style, the new convent still continues to be a source of no little interest for the surprised natives. That the "foreign devils," as we are so often called, can erect such houses makes us appear as a sort of superior beings. But only in a material sense, and, often not even in such, do they consider us so; for, while they profess to admire our ways of doing things, they will not imitate them.

Especially is this true in regard to religion, which they look upon simply as a foreign teaching. Were our own meager congregation more numerous and more faithful, we should not even then be permitted to forget that we are indeed in a heathen land. Directly opposite our chapel door, which opens out on a street called none other than



CHAPEL IN THE NEW CONVENT.

It is ready for some new furnishings—above all, for the altar of sacrifice.

IS CONTINGENT LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS.

Joss Stick Street, on account of the prevailing industry, there is a pagan shrine where the neighbors of our alley never omit their daily "joss pidgin." Flanked on both sides of our compound are two temples, each with its own type of votaries—mostly women, as the men are *fengshui* or wind and water devotees. Immediately in front of us is the seven-tower pagoda which dominates the whole country for miles around. However, the school and orphanage, especially the latter, help us to realize why we are here. When the Sisters are firmly established, a leper lazaretto and blind asylum will perhaps be added.

Mission Myths.

By Fr. Taggart, of Tungchen.



REV. P. A. TAGGART

CHINA has to be converted by educational institutions. We tried charitable ones, and they did not do it; so, no doubt, it will be done by the educational ones. Educational work among Catholics is important in China; but it is so easy to exaggerate the need and to feel that all we have to do is to put up a college which will be flooded with students, each one an embryo cabinet minister, and all Catholics.

Any educational institution, unless it wishes to become a parody on its name and the Church, demands a carefully selected staff. If American priests did open a college in China, whom would they teach? If they were to teach in the Chinese language, how long would it take them to get men with a sufficient knowledge of the vernacular to give instruction in college subjects? If the language of the college were to be English, their efforts would have to be confined to the select few who know that language. If a tuition sufficient to meet the running expenses of a college were asked, might not the student be tempted to think he was paying out *quid pro quo*? The thing becomes a business transaction with little incentive to think of the religion of the college. If a man is religious minded, no

doubt his college course will impress upon him the beauties of the Catholic Church; if he is not, it will not.

Recently I met a graduate of the Anglo-Chinese College of Amoy. He was very polite, dressed and ate like a white man, and spoke English better than many of them. After he had pointed out the beauties of Amoy to me from the side of the ship, I congratulated him on his English and asked him where he studied. He mentioned the above college. I knew it was a mission institution and asked him what denomination ran it. He answered simply: "It is a Christian place"—that was what six years of daily Bible reading had done for him. In China he is not the rare case; he is the common one. In South China, one of our Catholic schools has a roster of more than seven hundred pupils; if it had the buildings, it could double that number. It requires the services of several religious and has a staff of well-trained native teachers. Financially, the school is not a burden; from a religious standpoint, it is not a success. Some years these missionaries do not get one convert.

"My students all want to become Catholics," is a statement often heard; but experience teaches that it is a long cry from the rumor to the fact. In China, the head of the family controls the household; in fact, he controls it so well that the schoolboy may be presented with two wives without being consulted, even while he is at a lower school. Of course, there are many of the modern Chinese who claim to be men of one wife, but San Yat Sen, for example, is considered to be pretty

modern, and he has two at least, also Protestants.

Many Americans have the idea that the only schools in China are the mission schools. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In Kwangtung, every prefecture has its schools; each walled city, moreover, has at least two middle schools—one like an American high school, the other a training school for teachers. Many of these schools run on an "on and off" schedule, owing to the disturbed state of the country; but the schools are there and they are large and cheap enough to accommodate all the students of the prefecture who care to study. If China has few boys in school, it is not due to the fact that there are no schools, but to the fact that the people are too poor to afford such luxuries as scholars and students.

Once Newman was asked to preach a course of Lenten sermons and told he should accept the invitation because the people to whom he would preach were superior in intelligence to any congregation he was used to addressing. He did not preach the sermons and sent as his reason, "the people of Birmingham have souls." So, too, it should be with the American missioner; a soul is a soul, whether the body that contains it be that of a mental giant or pygmy. We are all sent to some little corner of the earth, and, if we leave it more Catholic than we have found it, we are doing our duty. That corner may provide an outlet for a school which a man would be culpable to neglect; again, it might be a corner like Tungchen, where a school would be a useless ornament, if by any wild stretch



MISSION MITES.
Too small for the mission school.

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1925

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of the imagination, mission architecture might be called ornamental. However, a man can be assured that no matter where he is sent, if he works with patience and faith, and lives the Gospel of Christ, he will get a congregation, even though his Chinese be not that of Confucius or Lipo.

Americans get a better hearing in China than the people of any other nation—so they say. Perhaps they do; then perhaps the vast majority of the four hundred millions do not know where America is and are not any too keen on finding out. Today, among the well-educated classes, there exists an anti-American feeling, a feeling that is encouraged to no small degree by returned American students and by certain types of foreigners who are jealous of American trade advantages, to say nothing of the people of the Pacific Coast, whose attitude toward the Oriental it would be foolishness to expect the Oriental to approve. A missionary often finds himself in a tight position when some smiling Chinese blandly asks him, "Why cannot I enter the United States?" Naturally, any people who, as a race, are excluded from the United States, are not eaten up with love for that country. It is said American missionaries are liked for their sociability. It is true American missionaries are kind, but that applies equally well to the missionaries of any other race who are over here; to put it otherwise would be unfair and unjust. We have never, as a nation, robbed China of her territory, but it is well to remember that the oriental question looms bigger as a social one than it does from its economic side. The Oriental knows the white man feels in his heart he is the superior being. The Oriental resents this; it is the sore spot with the Japanese and it is the sore spot with the educated Chinese. After all, there is nothing that makes enemies like condescending kindness.

If China is converted, it will be done by men who have forgotten home and country in the bigger interests of the kingdom of heaven. It is all well and good to say St. Paul was proud of his Roman citizenship, but he was working in the Roman Empire; our case is dif-



SCHOOLBOYS AT TUNGCHEN.

Keep Fr. Taggart busy while they smile.

ferent. The American who is not proud of the fact that he is an American is not worth much, but he can keep quiet about it. Nationalism is the curse of missionary effort; if we inject it into our work, we shall have to stand with the guilty before a tribunal that knows no nationalism. If the priests America sends to the Orient are Americans first and Catholics last, if they are not men imbued with the spirit of Christ, and Him crucified, then no matter what schemes they have on foot, no matter what their educational and social qualifications may be, no matter what financial aid they may receive, the conversion of China will not be brought about by them.

POSTSCRIPTS.

Sister Mary Magdalen, writing from Yeungkong, tells us that the girls now sing the Mass of the Angels every Sunday, and the Benediction hymns with all responses. She adds that while it

is unheard of in Yeungkong for a girl to remain unmarried, one has been promised by her parents that they will not engage her to any young man, but will allow her to follow her own wish and to become a Sister.

The pastor of Fachow, our Fr. Cairns, who is something of a sleight-of-hand artist, has changed a few Mexican dollars into lead and solder. It seems that he is also turning a pagan temple into a Catholic school. He writes:

For two weeks I've been helping to pipe the house, and now our water is beginning to run. We have about four feet of water in the well and it's a thousand per cent cleaner than the river water. The kitchen sink makes the Chinese open their eyes wide, for they never saw such a thing in Fachow before.

Yesterday I signed a five-year contract for another pagan temple, about three hundred yards up the street, at the low price of nothing a year.

FOR THE MISSIONS

The central act of Catholic worship is the Mass. Many Christians in the interior of China are able to attend the Holy Sacrifice only once or twice a year. With a little lift from you, we can send our missionaries stereopticon slides on the Mass. The use of these slides in remote districts is a fruitful means of evangelization.

China's "Vincent de Paul."

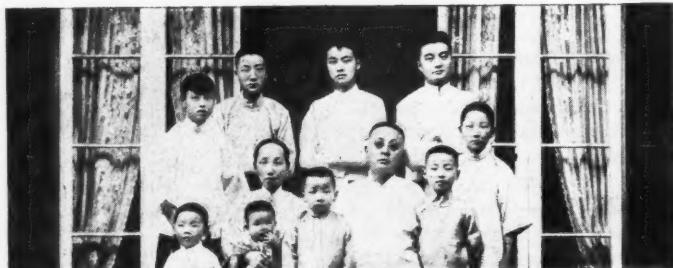
NEARLY every Maryknoller touching Shanghai on his way to the mission field, has met Mr. Lo Pa Hong, who may well be characterized as the Frederick Ozanam of China. Here are some salient facts in the life of this interesting man:

Mr. Lo Pa Hong's Christian name is Joseph and he is about fifty years old. He is the son of an old Christian family, well to do but staunch in the faith for generations. He was educated by the Jesuits in Shanghai and made a special study of Confucius for apologetic purposes. He speaks French fluently. When twenty years old he married a Shanghai young woman, named Ngai, also of a well-known old Christian family, and eight children, five boys and three girls, were the fruit of this union.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, as General Director of an Electric Car Company and with business interests in many other enterprises, is a very busy man of the world, but he is also a very busy man of God; and his Catholic titles are always first even on his visiting card. Notable among these is that of Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester, a papal title. He is also President of a Young Men's Catholic Association and of St. Joseph's Hospital, which he founded.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong is not only an apostle to the pagans; he is a father to all the destitute outcasts of Chinese society. This seems to be his main vocation. He was greatly inspired by reading the life of Blessed Joseph Cottolengo and resolved to imitate in China the work of this Italian saint.

In 1911, he built a small Chinese house and took in the first beggar he found on the streets of the city. This house soon became a school of religion and in it Mr. Lo found time to instruct the outcasts. Later, he bought a large piece of property near the gates of the town and raised a wall around



MR. AND MRS. LO PA HONG OF SHANGHAI, AND EARLY FAMILY GROUP.

it; within the enclosure small houses were constructed, following the plan of Cottolengo at Turin. Here were welcomed the destitute, aged, abandoned children, young girls exposed to danger, and the sick. Before long, more than a thousand had joined the little colony.

The curiosity of the Chinese was greatly excited when they saw a large building rear its head above the houses; but they understood that it was a Catholic church when a large cross appeared above the facade.

The church was barely finished at the time the revolution broke out which gave birth to the Chinese Republic. The republicans, fearing that imperial troops would find shelter in this big building, destroyed it. This was during the first part of October, 1911.

The church was rebuilt, more solid than before. In a short time, a poor, crazed man, one of Mr. Lo's protégés, set fire to it. Mr. Lo showed not the slightest anger against this person, but led him

back to his work, at the same time exhorting the others to trust in God.

The trust was rewarded. Thirteen hundred infirm, from all the provinces of China, now offer daily prayers in the new church. Above the main altar is a large statue of Saint Joseph. The church has an excellent organ.

Half of one large building shelters orphans and provides for their schooling in Chinese. Another part is an insane asylum. What makes the greatest impression, perhaps, is a large and comfortable section where sick prisoners, still wearing chains and bearing the marks of suffering, are received from the different prisons in the city. Here, these unfortunates are put into clean, white beds and cared for by Sisters of Charity. In contact with the graciousness of Christian love, such outcasts of Chinese pagan society are regenerated.

In another house, the industrial arts are taught. There is also a school for catechists, future apostles who prepare to accompany Mr. Lo when he goes out to

THAT INSURANCE POLICY

"We must pay our insurance premium even if we have to do without the car a while longer," says young Mr. Sawyer. Mrs. Sawyer looks at her three little ones and agrees to the sacrifice.

Yes, but what about that spiritual insurance? There was never yet an insurance company as safe as the Catholic Church, and there is no comparing final payments. A premium of fifty cents a year makes you or yours a sharer in the many spiritual advantages, Masses, prayers, and good works, of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Address: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1925

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evangelize the villages, or to instruct the pagans in the hospitals.

St. Joseph is the procurator-in-chief of this large and well-appointed hospital. Mr. Lo, the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, and the confessor, a Jesuit, all depend on this patron saint. One day the Sister Superior told Mr. Lo that not a grain of rice was left, nor a penny in the safe. "Why do you tell me?" asked Mr. Lo, "I have to go to my business. Go to the church and tell the real director."

This confidence in Saint Joseph was not in vain, for soon two Chinese carts stood at the gate, full of rice. When the drivers were questioned as to who sent them there, they replied that they did not know.

On the road that leads to the arsenal of Shanghai, there are prisons where those condemned to capital punishment are detained. Mr. Lo visits the inmates regularly and promises them that their bodies will not be the food of dogs after their death. He speaks to them of the eternal truths, and, when they have been prepared, he baptizes them himself, giving them the names of Mary or Joseph, accompanies them to the place of execution, and sends his prayers with them into eternity. He visits the sick in the different Protestant hospitals of Shanghai, instructs pagans there, and baptizes the dying.

Mr. Lo is the soul of the good works he has founded; and the main source of his faith and charity is his daily Communion. Before leaving the church to go to his business, he inquires how many have entered his hospital, how many have died, and how many have been baptized. He provides for the wants of those at the hospital, and prays for those who resist the grace of conversion. When anyone expresses gratitude, the reply is simply, "Thank God." In a recent letter, Mr. Lo announces that he is about to open another hospital.

SHOULDER PATS.

It is a splendid magazine.—*Vermont*.

Your magazine is a treat.—*California*.

I just must have that entertaining and inspiring paper.—*Virginia*.

My friends praise THE FIELD AFAR so much that I am anxious to receive a copy.—*New Jersey*.

I wish I could pay \$5 for each copy of the magazine. It is worth that to me.—*Massachusetts*.

Your magazine is wonderful, and I desire to pledge myself as one of your boosters.—*Pennsylvania*.

My habits seem to be rather nomadic, but I like to have THE FIELD AFAR follow me up.—*Indiana*.

THE FIELD AFAR is surely a "dandy" magazine, and all those to whom I have given my copies say the same.—*New York*.

My father, a non-Catholic, claims that THE FIELD AFAR is the best little magazine that comes into the house.—*California*.

Please never take us off your list. We can do so little for the missions, we do not wish to lose this chance.—*New York*.

THE FIELD AFAR is a jewel. It takes one away from the sordid every day life into the life worth while. It is an inspiration.—*California*.

Your fine mission magazine is wanted here at St. Peter's School. Ten new members of our unit are subscribing.—*Indiana*.

May I say how much I appreciate your publication with its intimate notes that tell only those who read between the lines of the sacrifices and splendid achievements of the Soldiers of Holy Orders in their far-flung posts in desert and wilderness? I know something of the conditions they are facing and I can honor a courage that carries on in the face of discouragement and bitter need. I have read with a keen interest the hopeful, courageous words, but readily visualize the depression caused by hunger, thirst, fatigue, sickness, and worst of all, disappointed hopes. I know them all, for I have met with them in desert and wilderness myself. Thank God, these lands forlorn breed men, for, in the crucible of the wilderness, only the pure gold of manhood fuses with the conditions. The weakling, the coward, and the shiftless give up or die. God must have so willed it.



A MODERN MARTYR

is the life story of Blessed Théophane Vénard, martyred in Indo-China in 1861.

Great human love, combined with unstinted devotion to God and souls, give this Life its charm.

Bishops and priests have termed it inspiring and strengthening.

Non-Catholics have been drawn to the Church through reading it.

Young men and women have declared that its pages awakened in them their vocation to the priesthood or the religious life.

241 pages of text, 15 illustrations. Bound in cloth.

Price: \$1.00, postpaid

FIELD AFAR OFFICE

MARYKNOLL

You may practice economy, you may make many changes, but never think of disturbing the publication of the magazine that carries your message far better than sermons, far better than all the appeals that you may be able to send out. The heart interest stories, the success, even the partial failures of the men who have seared into their very souls the motto *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, have done and will do more for your mission than any other mortal effort. Only a very few in this stall-fed world know or appreciate the hardships and the heart burns; but the public read and are interested, for the letters of your missionaries hold romance for them and give a thrill distinct and apart from the religious success that may attend their effort. Romance is not dead; it lives in the hearts of us all, a legacy from the past, for it had a very real part in the lives of our ancestors or they could not have survived the persecution they suffered.

—*Brooklyn*.

AN ATTRACTIVE

AND

INTERESTING

BOOK.

Noted Here and There.

TAKE and Read is the title of an envelope leaflet of thirty pages that sells in quantities for three cents apiece and is full of suggestions on Catholic press support.

Of course you say your beads, occasionally at least, perhaps daily. And when you get to the end of the fifth decade, you say the Gloria Patri and finish.

May we suggest that from this point you go back to the crucifix with an Our Father on the large bead, three Hail Marys or the small ones, and a St. Francis Xavier, pray for us—offering these prayers for the propagation of the faith, and for all missionaries engaged in that noble enterprise?

A Catholic educator who was privileged to attend the sessions of the Plenary Council in Shanghai writes to a friend:

During the six weeks I was at the Plenary Council, Shanghai, I became more and more convinced of the importance of Latin and classic training. My eyes were opened, for the first time, to the meaning of Latin learning and culture, and I grew to have a true respect for our Spanish and Italian brothers in the ministry. It was a perfect delight to listen to a Spanish Jesuit expound Canon Law and theology, as the needs of the council called for it. I felt as if I should begin my education all over again.—Rev. Friend, Hanyang.

At the Universities of Munster and Munich there are now Catholic Chairs of Missions. Doctor Joseph Schmidlin, the professor at Munster, has been instrumental in founding an International Institute for Missiological Research. This Institute has a quarterly organ for mission students, printed in German, *Zeitschrift für Missionswissenschaft* (The Magazine of Mission Science). Valuable investigations are being made in the archives of the Church's

Get the Mite Box Habit. Keep more than one going if you are invited by others to do so. All that Maryknoll asks is a share of your good will.

great mission headquarters, Propaganda, and other projects are part way to completion.

Doctor Schmidlin writes expressing the hope that the Institute, the magazine, and the mission investigations may live on during these lean years in Germany. The work is of world scope. Helping to nurture it will be a real service to missions.

We learn that annual membership in this International Institute is two dollars, for which the maga-

zine is sent gratis, quarterly. Thirty dollars entitles one to life membership; one hundred dollars makes one a Founder; and two hundred dollars, an Honorary Member. The central office on this side of the water is St. Mary's Mission House, Techney, Ill.

They met—not he and she, but he and he. They were strangers to each other and both were bound for the same place. A from Akron asked B from Baltimore for directions, and as B gave them, he noted on the lapel of A's coat a small enamel red circle with a familiar design marked in gold. The design was one which he had remarked on his favorite monthly, and he had often wondered just what it meant. Here was his chance—and he took it.

A rose cheerily to the questions: This is a Chi Rho pin. Chi (key) and Rho are the first two letters in the Greek name for Christ; so that this is the monogram of Christ, and the circle stands for the world. This pin comes from a Catholic Foreign Mission Society, a nation-wide organization, to which, as a layman, I belong; and the purpose of the organization is to help make Christ known to the world.

As B smiled his thanks he threw back his own coat lapel and disclosed a similar emblem in gold. "I would have flashed it," he said, "and I did for a while, but there were too many inquiries and I was 'stumped' because I really never knew its meaning. I know something of Maryknoll, too, but will know more."

And before A had finished his journey, B had his Chi Rho on the lapel of his coat and A's address in his pocket. They correspond occasionally and sign themselves, "Yours in the Chi Rho."

Your mites, counting a few dollars, will perhaps not impress you; but multiply your returns by a thousand, and you will see how they impress us.



LOK AND CHEN.
A pair of Tibetans.

A FEW FACTS.

Every Chinese child is one at birth, and two years old on its first birthday.

Six-sevenths of China's population is today living in one-third of its area.

For a short course on China, read the section in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* devoted to that country.

The Republic of China is made up of twenty-two provinces, one metropolitan district, four special administrative areas, two detached military districts, and Mongolia and Tibet. This division is rarely shown on any map of China published in foreign countries.

At one dollar a year each, you can easily send The Field Afar to several friends.

The Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood whose Mother-House is at Manchester, N. H., are also in the vanguard of American Sisters laboring for souls in China. One of the Sisters at their new mission at Sienhsien, Tcheli, wrote recently:

This diocese has been very much afflicted—over three hundred villages were flooded, one hundred and fifty persons drowned, and the crops in all these villages destroyed. Our little section, however, was spared, an occurrence which the pagans about here attribute to the Sisters of the Precious Blood. Let us hope it will help to convert them.

Women's colleges in America have for many years been closely in touch with foreign missions, but the colleges and missions were all Protestant. It is good, therefore, to see our rising Catholic colleges for women coming into line and waving the world-wide banner. A teacher in the College of New Rochelle writes to us on the subject of higher education of women as a training for the mission-field:

It is not alone in the scholastic work of the Catholic college that a student finds the most important preparation for a missioner's life, although no one can deny the priceless value of such training for the missionary priest or Sister. In the college social activities the great advantage of leadership, initiative, and responsibility is to be found. Dramatics, athletics, musical and special clubs afford opportunities for the management of affairs. The satisfaction of having successfully managed a tearoom for the missions, or for any cause, in fact, the good fellowship that is aroused by conducting a beauty parlor, a dance, or a bazaar for charity gives the student a fitness and a sureness that no opposition can ever down. It is such generous, untiring students of today who will, tomorrow, most efficiently serve the Master in the vineyards at home and in far-off fields white with the harvest.

Readers of THE FIELD AFAR will recall our announcement of the death of Bishop Pozzoni of Hongkong.

OUR FRIENDS

Bishop Pozzoni was a most lovable prelate and extremely kind to all Maryknollers. His Vicar-General, Fr. Spada, found in the Bishop's belongings an unfinished letter which we publish as evidence of gratitude for the help which our priests could give him from time to time in the form of a few extra Mass intentions. The Bishop wrote:

I should have been to see you in order to reciprocate your kind wishes and thank you for your generosity in sending so many intentions; but I

could not, I have been sick in these days. I write to supply through this letter . . .

The letter was never finished.

Adding machines are all right in their place, but they are an expensive proposition, and the Maryknoll Treasurer rejoices to learn that one of the Government officials at Washington, in figuring up the Federal Government's annual income, makes use of the simple Chinese adding machine, called *swan pan*. This friend of



A PRIVATE SCHOOL IN HONGKONG ORGANIZED BY THE SISTER OF A NATIVE PRIEST.

The guest of honor is Fr. Spada, vicar-general and administrator of Hongkong. The organizer of the school is seated at his left.

ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.



A LOGGIA AT THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, PEKING.

bookkeepers appeared for the first time three thousand years before the birth of Christ and is known in every Chinese shop today. The official above mentioned paid fifty cents for his "machine," which he bought at Shanghai in 1904. During its nineteen years of service it has computed, with absolute accuracy, some twenty-five billion dollars.

Speaking of Chinese students studying at Saint Louis School, Honolulu, the writer, evidently one of the Brothers of the Society of Mary, says:

Among the many nationalities represented at Saint Louis, the Chinese are a very desirable element. They are studious, punctual, careful, docile, and they respect authority. Throughout their career as students they show refinement and loyalty in all their actions. Their endurance and capacity for work are remarkable; they are anxious to learn of religion and are willing to make great sacrifices towards their conversion. These Chinese converts are ardent propagandists of Catholic literature. Every Sunday they stand at the Church doors and sell Catholic newspapers, which they get from the United States.

Indian children at Slickpoo, Idaho, buying a baby in China. A venerable priest, Fr. Cataldo, encouraging this gift which he needs to replace a burnt school at his own mission.

Here is a good example of Catholic charity that makes us wish we could use some friend's check book (we have none of our own) and help Fr. Cataldo:

Enclosed please find check for \$5, hundreds of contributions from our little Indian children at Slickpoo. It is to buy another Chinese baby and they want to have it called James.

Considering a serious accident which befell Fr. Cataldo, he is recovering and now says Mass with an assistant, once in a while.

Some friends, taking advantage of the Father's illness, proposed a building fund to rebuild the burnt Slickpoo Mission School plant and they are doing very well, especially in Philadelphia.

THE China Society of America is an organization deeply interested in the development of friendly relations between China and the United States. In one of its pamphlets recently issued, we note the following comment on the education of Chinese students in this country:

Their individual needs should be studied by Americans who know the

conditions under which they will be expected to earn leadership when their preliminary training is over; and every possible effort should be made to see that they are returned to their homes equipped for action.

This the existing system has signally failed to accomplish. Instead, it has too often produced men and women less Chinese than American; men and women who return to their homes, dressing, feeling, and thinking like educated foreigners, and lacking the practical training calculated to fit them for the grim tasks before them. Thus many competent judges have declared the system of returned students a failure.

The China Society aims to provide this practical opportunity for Chinese students:

Without admitting failure, we should study the system and seek to correct at least its obvious defects. Chief among these is our failure to fit these students for immediate practical work, to cap theoretical training with actual experience in the application of knowledge to concrete problems. Ordinarily the Chinese student spends four or five years in American institutions, eagerly absorbing the theoretical side of the particular subjects which he has come to study. He then returns to China without practical experience needed to fit him to do things.

Mr. Robert McElroy, Ph.D., LL.D., calls for a fairer treatment of China in American textbooks. He writes:

In the school books of America, China is today represented, not by what she is seeking to accomplish but by what she is seeking to discard. Archaic passages to be tucked away in tiny brains which tomorrow will be the ruling minds of America are telling millions of children that the characteristics of Chinese civilization are bound feet, opium pipes, baby towers where discarded infants breathe out their brief spans of life, polygamous marriages, and political corruption. But every observer knows that these are no more characteristic of the new China, the China which we must aid in sympathy, than was the recent remark of a mis-educated little French child, a fair description of the New York of today: "I know about New York. Buffalo (Bill) and naked Indians run wild in its streets."

ON STRINGLESS GIFTS.

Dear Father:
Enclosed you will find \$5. I want you to buy yourself a good pipe, for I know you must have some recreation.

Father Thomas groaned. "That makes five pipes this month, and the kitchen range is falling to pieces."

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL SISTERS PAGE.

THE December eighth group for profession and reception of the habit represented many corners of our vast country, and the list will doubtless prove interesting to our readers.

Those who took the vows of religion were:

Sister M. Fides Murphy, Passaic, N. J.; Sister M. Constance Wenzel, Sturgis, Mich.; Sister M. Facltna Donovan, County Cork, Ireland; Sr. M. Francisca Lucier, St. Paul, Minn.; Sister M. Assumpta Duffy, Fall River, Mass.; Sister M. Bridgettine Mills, Dickson, Neb.

The following postulants received the religious habit:

Mary Ida Moore (Sr. M. Gertrude), Omaha, Neb.; Lillian M. Harrington (Sr. M. Eulalia), Oakland, Calif.; Christine M. Spader (Sr. M. Emmanuel), Kingston, N. Y.; Julia E. Logue (Sr. M. Luke), New York City; Kathleen V. Logue (Sr. M. Trinita), New York City; M. Virginia Rust (Sr. M. Robert), Buffalo, N. Y.; Marion K. Sedgwick (Sr. M. Damian), Scarsdale, N. Y.; Anna M. Hampson (Sr. M. Rosaleen), Lexington, Ky.; Margaret T. McHugh (Sr. M. Florence), County Leitrim, Ireland; Ellen J. Garvey (Sr. M. Isabel), Buffalo, N. Y.; Mary A. Egan (Sr. M. Alice), Chicago, Ill.

An event which occurred too late in December for mention in the January FIELD AFAR was the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, to Maryknoll.

The occasion was the canonical visitation of the Sisters, who rejoiced in the opportunity to meet personally their Cardinal and father.

If the word "visitation" held any of its usual associations of distress before His Eminence's coming, it will henceforth bring to us the picture of that Blessed Visitation of Our Lady which left only the peace of Christ in its wake.

There are on exhibition, at the Procure, 410 East 57th Street, New York, samples of the summer vestments so well liked by American priests who have been

fortunate enough to possess them.

These were made by Chinese girls under the direction of Maryknoll Sisters, who are very desirous of getting further orders. It takes about six months for an order to be filled. Priests, or their friends who would like to make them acceptable gifts, will be welcomed at the Procure.

The employment of women and girls on such work means the salvation of many souls who would otherwise be lost, because these Chinese must earn a livelihood and most of the occupations open to them are connected with pagan worship. Hence our anxiety to further this most necessary work.

Are you wondering how Bethany is a-building?

It looks like a house now—a very attractive and inviting one—holding out the promise of its destiny, a place of refreshment and retreat for our friends.

Many interested in this house have sent offerings to help meet the steady demand the building is making on our slender resources. Such cooperation is not only a material blessing, it is a stimulant to our efforts, of which we often feel great need.

Among other things that will be needed are books—Catholic works, both fictional and spiritual, as well as the classics and good, clean, modern novels of recognized worth. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* would be a great asset.

Perhaps you have even one book to start the Bethany Library. It will be welcome.

And again we are asking for

your cast-off and broken bits of jewelry—old pins, rings, cuff links, watches, etc., etc. If Santa was good to you, there must be many things lying about now which can be converted into cash for the missions. Won't you please send us your old jewelry, and ask your friend to send hers along too? Possibly she would ask her friends to do the same. It is thus the pile will grow, and your bit and her bit and their bits will be the means of salvation to at least a few souls.

Under her title of "Lady of Perpetual Help," Our Blessed Mother has long claimed special devotion at Maryknoll.

The gift of a shrine in her honor was one of the greatest of our Christmas joys. The picture presented to us by a devoted Redemptorist friend was touched to the original miraculous picture in Rome, and the simple carved wood setting, following Greek lines, in which it has now been placed, so brings out the loveliness of the picture itself that the whole is compellingly attractive.

It is at this shrine that all our novena intentions are placed.

CANCELED STAMPS.

A new Philatelic Department has been opened at Maryknoll with foreign and domestic stamps on sale.

Packages of 100 foreign stamps, all different, sell for \$1; fifty Central and South American, for 75¢. Stamps from China, Japan, India, Africa, Straits Settlements, Ceylon—each country separate or all combined—50¢ to \$1 per package.

Write for information and prices to The Stamp Department, Maryknoll, N. Y.

The novenas at the Maryknoll Sisters' chapels are continuous, and requests for a share in these prayers come in daily. Any one desiring special prayers may write directly to

Rev. Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll Convent, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1925

THE FIELD AFAR

*Published by Ecclesiastical Authority*Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.Make all checks and money orders payable to
J. A. WALSH, TR., Maryknoll, N. Y.Single subscription,\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
at the rate of eighty cents a year).Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
Subscription for life.....\$50.00(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

THE Diocesan Lay Apostolate of Pittsburgh, which is announced—and we believe without exaggeration—as the "greatest diocesan lay apostolate in the world," has turned up vocations for the foreign missions.

And to our certain knowledge, foreign mission enterprises in this country have already awakened vocations for the home field. *To them that love God, all things work together unto good.*



WHILE we read about the "pot boiling over" in China, we find here and there evidences of steady progress along material lines, as well as in things spiritual.

When the Maryknollers went to Canton in 1918, they did not see an automobile in that city, whose streets and alleys were filled with rickshas and sedan chairs.

Five years ago, there were three thousand sedan chairs. Today there are less than half that number, while the Klaxons of three hundred passenger autos and one hundred and twenty-five trucks announce the arrival of Henrys and other manless carriers.



MANY of our readers have remarked with satisfaction that several religious orders have, in the past few years, been sending missionaries across the Pacific. The

Provincial of one of these orders told the Maryknoll Superior recently that since his order has taken up foreign missions, the number of youths presenting themselves as candidates for the order had increased to the point of embarrassment.

The Provincial's advice—and he is not alone in his opinion—to orders and dioceses needing subjects, is to get busy with foreign missions because they react wonderfully on what we do in the homeland.



THERE are more than two hundred and ninety Japanese children in the Maryknoll School of St. Francis Xavier in Los Angeles. This is a considerable increase over last year, in spite of the fact that to maintain the school the tuition and bus fees had to be raised. It is well also to recall that the Japanese themselves, many of whom are not Catholics, have met a goodly share of the building costs.

The experience of the Los Angeles school, while it has taxed the resources of Maryknoll to operate it, has been most gratifying and helpful to the teaching Sisters and also to the priests associated with Maryknoll activities in Los Angeles. All have learned to love the little Japanese and to appreciate their many qualities of heart and mind.



CANDLEMAS DAY reminds us of the command of the Mosaic Law that the first-born should be consecrated in a special way to God. Our Lady fulfills this prescription bringing her first-born Son and offering Him to His Father.

And this is an example for

Christian people of today, to be imitated from afar according to altered circumstances. Time was when every Catholic parent longed to give a child to God's service. Often the mother, watching her little brood at play or at their tasks about the house, would ask herself which would be acceptable. It might not be the eldest, first-born in time, but she knew well that it must be the one first in the inheritance, the one gifted by God's grace with the qualities of simple obedience, rugged faith, and self-sacrificing spirit, whom she could offer. God must have that child dearest to her, for those very traits that drew her heart to him were the seals of a Divine vocation. And if in her little family, she found none ready for the sacrifice, as a Christian mother, she poured forth her longing in prayer that one of her own flesh might be chosen.

Are Catholic parents still making the same offering?



OUR Western Hemisphere hears much about Confucius these days. His sentiments are remarkably pure. Witness this quotation, for instance, from *The Great Learning*:

The ancients who wished to inculcate virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order properly their States, they first regulated well their own families. In order that they might rightly direct their families, they schooled their own conduct. This they did by purifying their own hearts. Sincerity of purpose was the means they used to attain purity of heart; and in order that they might be sincere in purpose, they cultivated knowledge and learning. From the emperor down to the lowest classes of the people, all must consider efforts at self-betterment the root of all external improvement.

It is a polite way of saying, *Physician, heal thyself*; or another

A TWELVE-TIME GIFT—If you will subscribe to a monthly magazine in the name of a Maryknoll missioner, he will think of your kindness each month as he unwraps the current issue. If you will send us five dollars (the foreign rate of most of the magazines desired), we will take care of the subscription for you.

rendering of the Gospel maxim,
Cast first the beam out of thy own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to take out the mote from thy brother's eye.

v

THE Right Reverend Monsignor William Quinn has been appointed National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This appointment was made at the fall meeting of the bishops in Washington and it has pleased all who have ever come in contact with the recipient.

Monsignor Quinn is a native of Missouri and made his collegiate and seminary studies under the Vincentian priests. He is an alumnus of Kenrick, the archdiocesan seminary of St. Louis, also of the Catholic University, and is an unusually gifted speaker.

Work for the missions is not new to Monsignor Quinn, who has already served in turn on the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and, under its lately retired General-Director, as secretary at the National Office of the Propagation of the Faith.

To those of us who labor to train missionaries, this appointment of a sympathetic National Director of the greatest Mission-Aid Society in the Church is of great value, and we feel that Monsignor Quinn, in his new position, will foster a right and strong relationship between the mission societies and the mission-aid organizations at work in this country for the spread of the Gospel abroad.

v

THE first Japanese University of America has come into existence. The announcement is heralded with this quotation: *Go ye forth into the worlds of the great silver, bronze, and iron races, and spread the light and glory of the golden race.—Bansseifu.*

The University is established at Washington, D. C., and offers courses in arts, sciences, philosophy, law, oriental philosophy, and the Japanese language. It will follow a circuit instruction system



MARY, HER SON, AND THE BALL OF EARTH.

Is there any reason why we cannot choose graded mission words for spelling, as well as the pagan words we now use for the various grades? Any reason why we cannot choose and grade and use mission reading, instead of the non-religious, or worse than the non-religious, selections we now often make use of? Any reason why we could not have our compositions mainly, if not entirely, on mission subjects? And if we so conducted our spelling, reading and composition classes constantly, would not there be continually going on in the minds of the children a mission formation?

—Fr. Price.

for most of its courses, sending out professors to localities where there are more than twenty students.

We hope that students of this university will some day, in their homeland, make contact with men from other lands who, in

their student days, were inspired by the other words: *Coing, therefore, teach ye all nations.*

v
SEVERAL articles have appeared recently in the public press on the failure of Protestant agencies to make Christians out of Chinese students educated in America.

Mr. Raymund Rich of Peking cites the Young Men's Christian Association of that city as witness to the fact that "the average Chinese student who has studied in the United States returns to China with very little appreciation for Christianity."

Mr. C. S. Chang, a well-known writer and a graduate of the Hartford Theological Seminary says that it will be difficult for him to name ten young returned students in the Peking district who are taking part in Chinese Christian enterprises.

Mr. Rich says that the general rule laid down by well informed persons is that "far more students go to the United States as Christians and return non-Christians, than leave China non-Christian and return Christian."

We Catholics cannot prove by facts or figures that Catholic Chinese students educated here have a similar record of failure. We have too few of them. But we do know that if they come well instructed their foundation is solid.

We wish that more doors of cross-surmounted buildings could be opened to Asiatic Catholics and give us all a chance to prove that they can not only keep their faith in this country, but that they can strengthen it.

Brrr . . . But It's Cold!

How many times this month have you said, "I must tell that janitor to send up more heat!"? Maybe it was not so many degrees below zero, either. In Shingishu, Korea, forty degrees below is nothing unusual. Fr. Patrick J. Byrne is spending this winter in a Japanese dwelling of the paper variety. Help him to build a real house, before the ink in his humorous fountain pen freezes.

GATE OF THE EAST.

A Maryknoller's Story.

THE low notes of an organ sounded faintly at first, swelled, and were then caught up by a choir of boys:
*Thou City of God,
 Thou Gate of the East,
 In Thee is all grace:
 O Virgin most blest.*

A young man was kneeling in a far, dark corner of the church, but at the words of the hymn, he half arose from his crouching position, alert. His face lit up at sound of the familiar hymn—a hymn which had not been on his lips for many years. And oh, what a flood of memories came marching past, like spectres, to bring it all before his eyes again: the last Sunday he had attended the meeting of the boys' sodality; the joy he felt in that beautiful hymn, as they sang the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception; his hurrying home, only to find that mother and father—all the world held for him—had been killed in an automobile accident that afternoon while he was singing out his heart. Then off to another city to live with an aunt. But the brightness had died with his parents; something was lacking in his new life—he knew not what. Only half-interested in his studies, he finished successively grammar, high school, one year of college; and here he was, still a young man with no outlook to the future. It had never occurred to him that what he was really seeking was the love of a mother; that here, in his favorite hymn, here was the Mother eternal he had forgotten in his grief. *In Thee is all grace*, and some other words, *life, sweetness, and hope*, came back to him again. The singing had ceased, the boys were leaving the church, the candles on the altar had been extinguished, but Ned Moran did not move; he had found his Mother, and he was happy.

In June, 1914, a shot was fired in Europe, and hardly had its echoes died away when young men were springing up from all corners of the world to avenge the wrong which followed. In a midwestern city of the United States, a little group was talking of their part

in the conflict, and of Ned Moran, who had enlisted that day. It was what all had expected, and yet, Ned, as his boat pulled out of New York harbor, was somewhat surprised at his own alacrity.

There followed through England, and then through France, long, lonely marches, day and night. At first, conversation was not difficult, but when days stretched into weeks, when feet grew heavy with tramping, tired lips did not want to talk. On they went, a silent, marching throng. Then came the anxious moments when men thought they would lose their minds from the maddening silence. But Ned kept on confidently, with an ever-present companion, his rosary. He could talk to his Mother Mary—to one who understood him well. And as he trudged along, mile upon mile, the way somehow grew easier; his Mother was near him, helping him, comforting him, making the long night day. All night that chaplet of beads passed through his cold fingers, and he marveled at the old-time happiness that was in his heart.

When an objective was finally reached, his company went into action almost immediately. For months the battle kept on—now spasmodically; now at its fiercest. "Reckless Ned" they called him, for he seemed always to be where the fighting was greatest. He could be seen, at times, softly chuckling to himself, as though he knew no fear of death.

One day he had seen companions fall on each side of him, as though mowed down, and still he went on. Shells had fallen dangerously near him, yet no harm had come to him, and he grasped his rosary more firmly. Then, just as he lay silently on the ground thinking the attack had been finished, he felt a hot, stinging blow near his shoulder—and he knew what that meant! He remained very quiet for a moment; then as he crawled, painfully, slowly, to one side, he spied the ruins of a French house, and made his way inside. Blood trickled down his arm, as he located the wound. About to bind it with his handkerchief and to go back into the field, he heard voices outside. In a

moment he was alert. A quick glance showed a fallen partition, which made an alcove with the wall, where he could safely hide for a time. He could just stand erect. However, the fallen partition allowed less space than he had at first believed, and seemed to press heavily against his shoulder. The voices became more distinct. People must be sitting near by; perhaps someone of them had seen him. Should he expose himself, or wait? His rosary, he noticed, was still twined about his fingers, and he chuckled again. *In thee is all grace*, he was whispering, "Ah, the old hymn, *City of God*—swing wide the portals, dear Mother, and let me in! *Gate of the East*—I wonder what that means? I never thought of that one before—*Gate of the East*. *The East*—why, that's China! China!"

And then, from 'way down the hallways of his memory came that long ago Sunday afternoon—that fatal Sunday. At the sodality meeting Brother had read to them about a young priest who had gone to China. He was from France; perhaps he had even been in this village, in this house. And the thoughts rushing in upon him brought back another picture—that of the young priest hidden behind a partition—a partition? As I am now?

And the Reckless Ned of the battlefield felt hot tears smart his eyes. "Well, you dear, good, patient Mother! Was I that stubborn? You wanted me, and it took me all this time to realize it! *Gate of the East*—I see it all now. You are the gateway through which I must go to China. You are the gateway through which pagan souls are going to mount to God. And that's what you've been saving me for? I'll go."

It was February, 1924, the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady. A young man mounted the steps of a Seminary not far from the city of New York.

"May I see the President?" he asked the Brother who opened the door.

"The Superior," corrected the Brother, "is at High Mass. If you would care to come in, and—"

"To Mass? May I?"

"Why, yes." And the Brother led the way through a long corridor to a little chapel. The sight that met the visitor's eyes stopped him for a moment: the ministers of the Solemn Mass kneeling before the altar; the hundred seminarians holding lighted candles; the sun streaming in the window; the incense heavy on the morning air—and what was that?

"We shall ask the intercession of our blessed martyr, Théophane Vénard," the Superior was saying.

The visitor sank to his knees. Théophane—that was the name—the young French priest—China—the wall—partition! And, as he looked up, it seemed as if a smile was playing about the mouth of Our Lady of the Missions, and a happier light was in her eyes.

Ned Moran knew then that he had found the *Gate of the East*.

PRECIOUS WORDS OF THE HOLY FATHER.

A FINE appreciation of Divine Providence is this from the Holy Father, given when encouraging the reorganized Society for the Propagation of the Faith:

We do not doubt but that this Society is to have the same experience which We have always had ourselves. Many times, in the past of Our already long life, We had experienced the divine kindness and aid of Providence in the little, humble things of human life. But when Benedict XV, of Holy Memory, entrusted to Us the first charges, committing to Us interests which were no longer Our interests but solely those of the Church and the Holy See, then We began to experience anew the kindness and Providence of God. We saw it under Our eyes, We felt it in a thousand ways, We experienced

it on a hundred occasions, and, sometimes, We saw it manifested in ways so divine, with such striking opportunity that, truly, there could be no hesitation in recognizing the hand of God among Us and the things about Us. And We recall that when We explained these reflections of Ours to Our August Chief, Benedict XV, We heard him reply: "Remember that this is the experience which We have every day." And indeed, We, too, were to see these words applied and verified in the daily experience which awaited Us, in Our turn. All this shows Us that when We enter into a sphere worthy of the divine promises of aid and assistance made by the Divine Redeemer, the Redeemer Himself keeps His word, and keeps it magnificently, divinely, with supreme bounty.—*Pius XI*



Kneeling before the altar were the hundred seminarians holding lighted candles.

OUR CHINA SISTERS CAN SUPPLY LIGHT VESTMENTS.

FEBRUARY FLURRIES.



THE MAJOR SEMINARIANS AT MARYKNOLL REGISTERED FOR 1924-1925.

The picture was taken at the close of their retreat as a souvenir for their retreat-master. Consciences seem to be light.

FEBRUARY finds us still in midwinter. The countryside has given us bright pictures with ice-coated trees and bushes dazzling in the sunlight, and cold north winds have wheezed through the cracks in our window.

The comforting purr of the radiator, however, keeps our hearts and finger tips warm, and we are not unmindful, at such times, of our wayfarers in colder Korea. The homemade heating system which they installed is probably better than what preceded their coming, but, like ourselves, they are looking for a supply of coal-dust (or the gold-dust) from some Mr. Thoughtful who has solved the problem of his own coal bills by going to Florida for the winter.

A recent accomplishment has been a wood's walk. Before the Father of the flock returned from a full and busy trip to our houses in the West, the students blazed a trail through our woodland, and woe to the tree that stood in their way. The task was a difficult one, and required the sacrifice of many a recreation period. But Knollers find joy in such arduous work, and the result of their efforts will be an incentive to every future student of the hilltop. The path which has been made, leads from our reservoir at one edge of our wood, to the crucifix which stands

at the base of the cemetery. We shall soon be ready for stations of the cross (already provided for).

February always brings a dual feast. On Candlemas Day, we celebrate the Purification of Our Blessed Mother, and, on the same day, the martyrdom of Théophane Vénard (Blessed), two feasts of special joy to all Maryknollers.

This month, too, we approach the civil holidays in memory of Lincoln and Washington. Of our first President, it is handed down for posterity that he who was first in war, was also one of the first in the house which is today occupied by our Sisters. It was formerly known as St. Teresa's Lodge, and no one can trace the fact as stated, but somebody told someone else; and so we give it to you. We are troubled in the thought of what shall become of the house and the legend when the Sisters are able to complete their new convent.

When that day will be, it is still difficult to say. However, we hope it is not in the too distant future. The houses which our good Sisters have had to occupy have been, for the most part, wooden structures, which fact has proved one of our pet worries. Maryknoll is so far removed from the village of Ossining that it would be difficult, in case of fire, to expect much aid from the volunteer service of the

village. In the meantime, we have organized a fire-squad of our own—even though we sometimes do regret it. To be aroused any time of the day by the loud clanging of a fire bell is a test for the strongest nerves; and we have reached the scene, at times, only to be assured laughingly that they were "saving the women and children first." It seems to be good exercise—it is, at least, a protection.

But for exercise, we need hardly be worried. The sign post at the village limits assures tourists that Ossining has *No Malaria*. It is surely high enough, and, at times, dry enough. At present, however, another fall of snow continues the period of sleighing and skiing for the students, and they, at least, will not complain. Our wealthier neighbors, we have read, import snow by the carload, from the northern limits of the State. We were tempted to flash a signal from our tower to theirs, with an offer to exchange a ton of snow for a like amount of coal.

Through the kindness of a priest-friend in the Middle West, we have received a moving-picture machine, and, during the winter, we enjoyed a few pictures which other friends sent our way. We could have used more, during the long vacation evenings, and would welcome films of the higher type.

HOW

SHALL

THEY

KNOW

OF

CHRIST

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Shortly before the Maryknoll Superior returned from the Pacific Coast visitation, those at the Home Knoll were privileged to receive His Eminence Cardinal Hayes.

The visit of His Eminence was officially to the Maryknoll Sisters, but the Seminary claimed the distinguished prelate for dinner, and, as a souvenir, have retained blessed words of encouragement from the lips of one whom they and all Maryknollers have learned to revere. We now look for a day when we may have His Eminence all to ourselves.

A few days later, our traveler returned from the Pacific Coast just in time to celebrate Solemn High Mass on Our Lady's feast. It was a happy, though busy day for a reunion, and hearts were glad that the long journey across country and back again had been safely concluded. In the meantime, all the buildings were still standing, the procurator had not (yet) been "seized for debt," and the fire department was growing rusty.



AMERICANS MEET IN HONGKONG.

Fr. O'Shea met the Marquis Maloney of Philadelphia and a traveler from Minneapolis during their visit to Hongkong.

Just as things were beginning to adjust themselves, a gale from the West came over the hills, and our own Fr. O'Shea, promoted to the Central Council, was welcomed "back home." It was an historical event at Maryknoll, to have one of our early pioneers return for work at the Center. "Every inch a missioner," we heard, as the aspirant apostle

espied *la belle barbe* on the landscape. After duly edifying the Knollers for a few days, Fr. O'Shea had a close shave, and the razor slipped away with his mission foliage.

For the first few years in the Orient, Fr. O'Shea saw mission duty in Kochow and other stations, but for the last year he has been our procurator in Hongkong, where his work for the missions has been widespread. Now he has been recalled to the Home Knoll to take over the task of Treasurer-General of the Society. It is good to have an "old timer" back at the home base where all Maryknollers may benefit by his experiences.



A MARYKNOLL FIRE DRILL.
Saving the women and children first.

The average person does not like to get down to petty accounts often than necessary, and this explains why subscriptions sometimes lapse, with loss to all concerned. Why not make an effort to secure a **PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP** and save all further bother?

You may take two years for the full payment, in small amounts, of the fifty dollars.

If you cannot do this, send five dollars for six years' subscription. Your advantage.

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

FOREIGN MISSION BROTHERS.

The beginning of 1925 finds twenty men in our growing community of Auxiliary Brothers stationed at Maryknoll. All are busy keeping the big Maryknoll plant going. Already a start has been made to train some as carpenters, painters, mechanics, office workers, and teachers. They are happy in their tasks, dividing the day between labor and prayer. And we are gratified to see so many young men willing to give their efforts and talents to further God's work.

One of our recent arrivals is an expert chemist from the town of Massachusetts that put beans on the map. Just now we are having him test out the reaction of elbow grease on dirty window panes; but this little job is only for his spirit of humiliation and for our edification. Later, we may have him in our pharmacy or in one of our schools.

Another postulant was a former telegraph dispatcher, and we hope that some day he will be broadcasting messages of encouragement to Maryknoll-in-China.

A talented young man, formerly of Mr. Keith's famous circuit, was given as his first assignment the construction of a stage for ambitious Thespians at Maryknoll. He proved familiar with the lay-out behind the footlights.

So, in many ways, Maryknoll is able to turn the talents of willing young men into the works of God.

Recently two more Auxiliary Brothers were formally accepted into the Society, receiving the cassock and cincture of the brotherhood at the hands of the Superior who returned only that day from "the Coast." One of the two hails from Cambridge, Mass. His name was Thomas Goodwin McAleer—to be known hereafter as Brother Aquinas.

The other, John Jerome Kelly, will be called Brother Clement.



THE WOOD'S WALK.

The students, during free periods, blazed a trail through the wood.

He is already something of a missioner, having circled the globe in the Medical Service of the British Army. We are still on the watch for more medical men and trained nurses.

How and where do Brothers fit into the Maryknoll organization? we are often asked.

HOW? Admirably, we answer. *WHERE?* In the homeland and on the field—in clerical work, as teachers, builders, mechanics, electricians, engineers, gardeners, farmers, painters, printers, cabinet makers, carpenters, cooks, chauffeurs, and in a score of other employments. If you are interested, write to

The Rev. Director, Maryknoll Brothers, Maryknoll, New York.

TYPICALLY FINE.

A year ago, while making the Novena of Grace, I promised that I would lay aside one dollar of my salary each week, to be sent to Maryknoll for the foreign missions, at the end of a year, if St. Francis Xavier would obtain a favor which I was asking.

I feel that my petition has been answered; so I am enclosing herewith a check for the aggregate amount (\$52).

If possible, I should like to have this money used for the missions which are operating in the land which St. Francis Xavier tried so vainly to reach—China—but I am not attaching any conditions, and you are free to use it as you think best.—Massachusetts.

Enclosed find money order for \$10. Please send me THE FIELD AFAR for one year; accept the remaining \$9 as a Stringless Gift—the contents of my Mite Box.

I should like another Mite Box as I find it a silent but effectual appeal for the missions.—Massachusetts.

Catholic laymen who are anxious to devote their services to God as Brothers may learn about the life and requirements of a Maryknoll Brother by sending for the booklet, "American Brothers and the Foreign Missions."

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Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

THE Rev. Francis J. Caffrey of Lawrence, Mass., in charge at the Seattle Maryknoll, is kept hustling; but he is not too busy to give us some flashes of what is transpiring at our Western Pacific House:

Among our recent visitors were Mr. Peter Chang (Shanghai), who informs us that he is the sole Catholic among sixty Chinese students attending the University of Washington. Another visitor, who brought greetings from our brothers in China, was a Mr. N. of Charlestown, Mass. Mr. N. has been located in Shanghai for some time, but recently returned to the United States on furlough.

Our little kindergarten rejoiced in the news of election when the Catholics and other real Americans of Seattle defeated the anti-Catholic "School Bill."

But these events are only minor incidents compared with the real news of the year—a visit from our Father Superior. Now that he has left us, we are wondering where the days went while he was here. We had so many things to ask him. And we had intended to keep him at home with us;

but the word of his coming spread rapidly, and, during his short stay, he was called upon to speak at Holy Name Academy, to the Catholic Daughters of America, the Seattle Knights of Columbus, St. Martin's Mothers' Club, O'Dea High School, Sacred Heart Orphanage, and the local Circle. He also called on our beloved Bishop, Fr. Stafford, and the other good priests at the cathedral who have been brothers to every Knoller. It was a hurried trip, and full of many interesting events, and, although we were kept on the go almost continually, the very presence of our Superior made the old Home Knoll seem nearer, and we were all happy. We are certain that the long trip to visit us has not been in vain and hope for a greater knowledge of and interest in our efforts here.

By the way, one thing we forgot to mention to Father Superior—although we thought of it several times—was the need we have of a Ford. If it had not been for the kindness of many Seattle friends, it would have been very difficult for the Superior to visit the number of places he was able to see. But we can't afford a Ford; still, a Ford would save shoe leather, especially in our many "begging trips"; so we must change our statement to read, "We cannot afford to buy a Ford, but

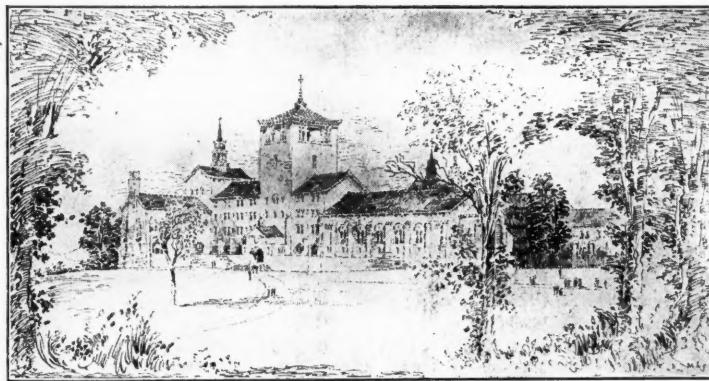
we can maintain one." Of course, if you have only a Buick or Packard, we shall be glad, at your command, to call for and deliver same at our front door.

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles.

PERHAPS there is snow in the East where winter winds are blowing, but here we have green lawns, spreading palm branches, and the bloom of roses. In this experience, we are at one with Maryknollers in Hongkong and elsewhere in South China.

Our Superior stayed almost a week with us to study conditions, and his days were, as usual, full ones—the kind he likes. He found problems because he found development, the normal condition of Maryknoll establishments.

In the Home, he noted that there should be a building extension, and, at the school, more ground, or, failing this, an added story with a roof playground. He was evidently impressed with the fact that the Maryknoll School in Los Angeles comprises almost



name will be known to all succeeding generations. If Saint Thomas had sought his own glory, his poems would never have become a part of Church Liturgy. Send a gift to the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll."

A few days later the priest received the following letter from his friend:

"Dear Father:

"I know what you mean now. I went out to visit the place. I saw the completed section of the Seminary and the Superior explained how the whole building will look. The Maryknoll Seminary will be a great stone epic to the honor and glory of God. In His goodness, Christ has permitted me to write a few lines of that poem. So that self may have no part in them, I have made them anonymous."

STONES AND POETRY

A CERTAIN young busi-
ness man of means
was recently speaking to a
priest, of his great admiration
for Saint Thomas Aquinas.
"Think what the 'O
Salutaris Hostia' and the
'Tantum Ergo' have done
for men's souls," he said.
"Why, Father, I would give
anything to be able to write
like that."

"Do you mean it?" in-
quired the priest, "because,
if you do, you can. I
am not promising that your

three hundred pupils, and that some of these, before long, will be ready for high school—and he asks, "Where will they go from here?" He has his eye on one who has "vocation marks." And who knows? The Los Angeles Japanese may yet supply some Maryknoll missionaries.

There is another opening in Los Angeles that has recently been pointed out by the ever-solicitous shepherd of the flock, Bishop Cantwell. This opportunity is for work among the Chinese residents with whom, until now, Los Angeles Catholics have not been concerned.

The Maryknoll Superior is anxious that Maryknoll should take this work to heart for many reasons, not the least of which is that most of the Chinese in Los Angeles, as elsewhere in this country, hail from the territory in South China now often traversed by Maryknoll missionaries.

Honolulu.

Bamboo Phil.

HAVE you ever been to Honolulu? It is a delightful spot. The highest praise given it, an encomium of which any locality might be proud, is expressed when people say, "All that Los Angeles claims, Honolulu is." "Paradise Isles" is the Hawaiian's description of his group of seven islands. One gets a most favorable impression as one's boat rounds Diamond Head, and the city of Honolulu, with its background of jagged mountains, clothed in every shade of green, comes into view. The scene is one of profound tranquillity: every passion seemingly subdued, every sense beguiled into carefree repose. The city lies hidden beneath a crown of foliage, as if shunning the vulgar glare of publicity; its pretty homes are screened behind lofty hedges of scarlet hibiscus or the purplish vines of bougainvillia. Only the office buildings and church spires, the old palaces of royalty, and the new palaces of education lift themselves above the encircling trees. A good place, this "Isle of Tranquil Delights," for jaded globe trotters and wearied money chasers. Here, far from the busy marts of business and the noisy thoroughfares of the world, they can find rest.

As the boat approaches the pier, the municipal band greets the visitors with soft Hawaiian melodies, as pleasant a welcome as the garlands of flowers



The Bamboo Phil Express, Los Angeles.

placed about the necks of friends. My stop-over in Honolulu was not long. I was not looking for grass skirts and hula-dances, as some of my fellow travelers were; neither did I care particularly for the far-famed surf riding of Waikiki Beach; what I was in search of was a little information on some sociological conditions, more particularly the relations obtaining between the white and yellow races.

What I found filled me with delight. Here East and West have come together, but, unlike Kipling's India, here the twain do meet—even at the foot

of the altar. The Japanese, more than any other, have kept their race pure. They outnumber the other races, being 125,000 out of a total of 307,000. The Chinese approximate 30,000; Filipinos are 40,000 strong, with the likelihood of a large increase, as they alone are now furnishing the coolie labor for the plantations. There are 8,700 Koreans; 6,000 Porto Ricans; some 40,000 Portuguese, pure and mixed, on the islands. American Catholics number about 5,000. Pure-blooded Hawaiians reach about 23,000; mixed, about 18,000 more. A majority of the pure-blooded



Not to be outdone by the boys of Los Angeles.

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Hawaiians are members of the faith, thanks to the Catholic missionaries who came to the islands as early as 1827.

The Japanese are blessed with children, which make up one half of the entire school enrollment of the islands. Because of their overwhelming numbers, in the first place; because of their preference for marriage within the race; because of their sustained effort to give all their children a knowledge of Japanese; because of the strategic value to the Japanese navy of an Hawaiian island in case of conflict with America, one would naturally look for open hostility to the Japanese race in Hawaii. Such, however, is not the case. The relation among all the races is one of very great friendliness. The good qualities of the Japanese are freely acknowledged: the planter will tell you that one Japanese does the work of three Filipinos on the cane fields; all admit that they are polite and progressive. There is a conviction among the Americans here that in case of war between Japan and the United States, the younger generation would throw in their lot whole-heartedly with America.

PRIESTS SAY.

Kindly send me four hundred prayer prints, which I shall leave at the homes in the parish on my census rounds.—*Rev. Friend, Massachusetts.*

With all my heart I pray for you, for all your priests, Brothers, Sisters, and for the admirable work to which they sacrifice their lives.—*Rev. Friend, Maryland.*

I assure you that although very busy, I cannot help reading each number of your magazine from cover to cover.—*Rev. Friend, Philippine Islands.*

This \$10 was given to me to be used, as I thought best, in thanksgiving for favors received. The work you are doing is the best I know of, and I only wish I had a much bigger sum to help it along.—*Rev. Friend, New York.*

The enclosed \$5 I received to be used for something necessary for me. I have taken THE FIELD AFAR for some years, and I feel that it is something necessary for me. So here you are.—*Rev. Friend, Kanchow-Ki, China.*

Just got the ball rolling last Sunday for our mission work. I have started the children saving pennies to buy babies, and appealed to the young ladies for volunteers to start a Circle. I think the best thing to do now is to solicit subscriptions for THE FIELD AFAR and for The Junior.—*Rev. Friend, Ohio.*

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

Should I Make a Will?

We are not answering the question, but wish simply to say that there are two ways of executing a will. One way is for you to execute it yourself. This can be done, as follows:

You give a sum of money, e.g., one thousand dollars, to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated, which is legally empowered to receive it and to bind itself, in writing, to pay you (or another beneficiary) for life a reasonable rate of interest.

The other way is by a form of bequest, for which a lawyer's advice will be a wise provision.

In any event, if you wish to benefit Maryknoll, do not forget:

(a) Our legal title—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

(b) You should have two witnesses to your signature.

I am pleased to enclose check for \$180, which I promised some time ago for the support of a Chinese catechist. Please notify me each year about the middle of September and I shall send a check in October. If I should not have the funds on hand, I shall inform you.—*Rev. Friend, New Jersey.*

Because of a little donation which I sent you three years ago (\$50 I think it was), I received a note to the effect that I should receive your fine paper in perpetuity. To say that I am grateful is putting it mildly. I feel as though I am receiving the hundred fold in inspiration and in encouragement. I wish, therefore, to thank you for sending me THE FIELD AFAR so faithfully.—*Rev. Friend, Washington, D. C.*

It is a priest in Pennsylvania who writes:

Will you accept money from me as I can pay it, so that when the remittances reach \$100, or its multiples, you will send me the interest until you hear from the Chancery of my death; and then begin immediately to say Low Masses for my soul? Owing to the delay and the ordinary difficulty of settling an estate, it is usually a year or more before money is distributed for Masses. In the manner proposed, Masses for my soul will begin at notification of death, or soon after. I expect to send you \$500 soon and more later.

A SUBSCRIBER WRITES.

I HAVE been a constant reader of THE FIELD AFAR for a number of years. I have purchased books on the missions, have also read the booklet *Maryknoll Brothers* with great care and much thought. Years ago I had the desire to enter the priesthood, but because of the fact that I was a member of a rather large family, I was required to seek a position after finishing the first year of high school, minus a course in Latin.

While at work, I saved all I could, but before it was possible to enter training for the priesthood, I was drafted into the United States Army, and, in time, I found myself in the trenches. I was discharged from the service after the armistice; but not physically perfect, because I was gassed in active service. I have at present some type of heart trouble, not dangerous unless I perform exerting labor. I have a light position as an assistant foreman.

The reason for making the statement above is that I may ask if you will publish in THE FIELD AFAR an article giving major details concerning the principal requirements for one desiring to study for the priesthood of the foreign mission.

I suppose I am too old to start such an extensive training; I am twenty-seven years of age. I am very fond of reading and spend most of my pastime with books. Hoping to see, in a future number of your magazine, an article on the suggested subject, which will help many others as well as myself, I remain a sincere friend of Maryknoll.

For efficient work on the missions, a man should, if possible, reach the field before, or not long after, thirty years of age.

The writer of the above letter is twenty-seven years old, and has never studied Latin. He would hardly be ready for ordination until he had passed his thirtieth year, probably later.

Unless unusually gifted, therefore, he could not expect to be sent to the foreign missions as a priest.

Were he to enter as an Auxiliary Brother, he could at once apply his knowledge and experience to work at hand in the homeland, and possibly, within a year or two, on the missions.

See that your Mite Box is gaining weight.

Father Byrne's Narrative on His Mission Beginnings.



KOREAN NATIVE NUNS.

Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres who welcomed the Maryknoll Sisters to Korca.

DURING the excitement incident to the birth of Maryknoll in Shingishu, the new son of Father Time was beginning to raise a beard. January's winds had swept the first sheet from the calendar; the ground hog was too snug to bother coming out for his annual experiment; and we snowed-in missionaries had gotten so well acquainted with one another that even a new freckle excited comment—when word came over the wire that Mother Mary Joseph of the Maryknoll Sisters was bearing our way under full steam, accompanied by Sister Mary Paul from South China and Miss Cogan from some place or other called Brooklyn. Straightway all hands rolled up their sleeves; the brass band was straightened and tuned; spare rooms in the convent were swept and garnished, soap-box furniture materialized overnight; and a couple of stoves were carried in, suffering acutely from the terrible disease that, according to the papers, is blighting so many sweet lives—they call it halitosis. Who ever said, "A rose by any other name, etc., etc." Then a proclamation was erected over the door, revealing in the approved Korean script which is Chinese, the whereabouts of the Maryknoll-in-Korea convent, and all was set.

The train from Peking reaches Shingishu at eight in the morning. The Sisters stepped down into a co-ed delegation of welcome, a bodyguard of Catholic men and women who had come to proffer hospitality in the Land of the Morning Calm, and to serve as escort to the catechist's house, where we had had the midnight Mass at Christmas, and where, after Mass this morning, the Sisters were to take their final vows of dedication to the work of foreign missions. It was a rather insignificant place for an occasion so momentous; but the Divine Master was there to Whom they were pledging their love and their lives, so what matter the absence of harmonized chant and solemn ceremony? Maryknoll has ever had a particular devotion to the Spirit that quickeneth, the Paraclete that fired the first Apostles with such dauntless zeal, and it was most fitting that the Sisters should take their perpetual vows in a chapel dedicated to the Holy Ghost, after His remarkable answer to our recent novena. The Church that we hope to erect in Shingishu will bear the same name—Church of the Holy Spirit. May the Spirit of Light and Truth fructify our labors among these pagan Koreans now groping so helplessly amid darkness and lies for the

way to the "Unknown God" Who will restore to them their sublime inheritance and give them abundantly of life!

Most of the men of the station were at work, but nearly all of the women attended the Mass and the ceremony, and received Holy Communion with special prayers for the Sisters whose coming to Korea will mean so much for the lot of the Korean women. A great task lies ahead of the Maryknoll Sisters, and a difficult one; for by their influence, through schools and personal contact, they must influence the women, and through them the nation. The future of Korea lies with the women. The youth of today are too lost in



ANOTHER KIND IN ANOTHER CLIME.



MOTHER MARY JOSEPH AND
SISTER XAVIER.

At their meeting in the Orient.

emulation of the spirit of the country, gross materialism, to offer good soil to the Gospel seed; but if the girls can be won to the Church, and, by Catholic schools, made strong in the faith, then the mothers of tomorrow may bring up their sons in a different spirit, and the Hermit Kingdom, once fruitful under persecution, now barren amid prosperity, may again become rich in the faith and a lasting glory of Mother Church.

After the ceremony the Sisters were regaled with a genuine Korean breakfast of sixteen dishes, each stranger than the rest; but they plowed through with meritorious smiles, offering it up

as they put it down, and so delighting the heart of the chief cookess who prepared the repast that she spent the rest of the morning running around in circles, a favorite method of working off joy.

Then came a royal procession to the riverside, for the long anticipated palli ride. After sweltering in the torrid insides of Chinese junks, it was an eighteen karat treat for the visitors to skim over the ice on the wings of the morning and flit between the snow-drifts like an airplane through the clouds; but every fly has his ointment, and glowing hearts must bow to tingling toes. Sure Jack Frost was up an' doin', with no heart for frozen "fate"; yet the snowbirds all insisted that the fun was simply great. On our returning to shore, a forgotten obstacle loomed forbidding—the steep, icy bank. Easy to slide down, it appeared more difficult to slide up. But, just as in South China Mother Mary Joseph had won triumphs over mission trials, here, too, she rose to the occasion with characteristic inspiration. Tripping back a dozen yards or so, she made the charge up San Juan with a momentum that not only carried her over the top but two blocks farther on to the jitney station of the Gishu Transportation Company. When we arrived some time later, it was to find her in the front seat of our special wreck, which was loaded with the baggage and panting to be off. Like the Rocky Road to Dublin is the pike to old Gishu, but

we were all more or less there when we arrived; and it was with no feeling of sadness or longing that we bade farewell to Henry and the outside world, while the Sisters settled down for a two weeks' intermission from traveling, with a chance to catch up in breath, correspondence, and home-made pies—the last a triumph of wizardry by Bro. Isidore, the chef de cuisine. Even Adam would not refuse one of Brother's apple pies.

But no matter how short, time always gets by, and the Maryknoll Sisters' fortnight in the Gishu convent, made doubly pleasant by the constant thoughtfulness of the two Korean Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, sped past in double quick. The Gishu compound really seemed "Maryknoll" while they were here; so much so that they were refused permits to leave until ample guarantees had been given that at the next departure ceremony at the Maryknoll Mother-House, the chief decoration would be tickets to Korea. It is so stipulated in the bond.

After the visitors had been regretfully waved away, the abandoned missionaries went into solemn conclave, and, when they emerged therefrom, it was with their several fates signed, sealed, and delivered—whereuntofore: Fr. Morris is now dean of the Yeng You sector in the central part of the Maryknoll mission, with only thirty-seven parishes to take care of, and in danger

(Continued on page 62)



AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO KOREA "ALL DOLLED UP."

What Others Are Doing.



PANORAMIC VIEW IN INDO-CHINA.
The land of Blessed Vénard's death.

THE land that was moistened with the blood of Théophane Vénard and many other martyrs, European and native, is now dotted with thriving missions. A priest-friend, writing lately from Indo-China to the Maryknoll Superior, is now engaged in the precious work of gathering documents to chronicle, as exactly as possible, the events of earlier days. This priest, the Rev. Edward Dupin, writes:

Except for meals, I spend the time in my room, from morning till night, writing the history of our martyrs, for I am engaged in three hundred and forty causes. So, you see, I live in an atmosphere of persecutions. This work is giving me a clear light on our valiant confessors of the faith, on the customs of their day, and on the hateful greed of the mandarins who took pleasure in torturing native priests, catechists, and faithful.

Nothing saddens me, however, so

Why not give Maryknoll relief by taking over for a year the living expense of a student at \$250; or the living and travel expense of a missioner at \$300?

much as to read of Christians who, losing courage and deceived by the lying promises of the mandarin, trampled on the cross. But the soul burns with admiration and thanksgiving at the mention of those who preferred martyrdom to the denial of their Lord. They cried out to the mandarin: "We do not fear the sword," and went to their death with radiant faces, singing songs of thanksgiving or reciting the prayers of the Way of the Cross.

A priest, writing from one of our sparsely settled States, west of the Mississippi, expresses the hope that some means might be found to give the Catholics of his district a larger idea of the great Church to which they belong. This priest writes the following suggestive letter:

The history of the faith out here in the prairie country, at least before the advent of the automobile, has been a story of isolated Catholic families, a visit by the priest perhaps twice a year, children growing up without any religious instruction or practice, drifting to a Methodist church with their Protestant neighbors, subsequent mixed marriages, and, in consequence, a total loss of faith. Those who strayed less far are the ones now composing our

parishes. While not repudiating the authority of the Church, often enough their regard for it has a Protestant flavor, and their concept of a parish is not seldom like the Presbyterian view of a congregation with a hired preacher. They need a bigger, more adequate idea of what the Church is.

Recently I expressed this view to the bishop and suggested that a vital interest in foreign missions would be a salutary antidote. He is also of this opinion, but considers that this development of mission interest must needs be gradual.

The Bishop is big-hearted, truly Catholic, abounding in sane "Roman" prudence. The Holy Ghost had a hand in sending him here.

Bishop Benziger of Quilon, India, has been a constant and helpful friend of Maryknoll from its beginning—and even in the days of its preparation. In a recent letter he writes:

The number of American missionaries promises to grow. May they become regiments! And the devoted Sisters seem even more numerous. Truly a great work has been done within a few years, and the whole United States has caught the fire. Our Holy Father has given a most opportune token of appreciation by creating two more Cardinals; and in heaven are recorded the providential benefits America has bestowed on the missions during the past difficult years.

May India also receive American sons and daughters!

I am here in the most southern corner of India and I experience the truth of *Messis multa operari autem pauci*. Last year we had six thousand five hundred and sixty-two baptisms of pagans. How many there will be this year, I cannot yet say. If we could harvest all that seem willing, the number would be larger than last year; but many places have to wait for want of workers.

Since January we blessed two new churches and two more will be blessed next month. Just now I must consent to build another church in a place where about three hundred are baptized—there is hope for over a thousand.

That Chinese Catholic priests number today more than one thousand surprises some people,

A word of thanks to several priests who have thoughtfully supplied our need of Mass intentions. We cable those for our missioners shortly after the first of each month.

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but this number can, and doubtless will, be largely increased before the second quarter of the twentieth century shall have passed.

One of these priests, Fr. Francis Xavier Tchao, S.J., wrote recently in *Les Nouvelles Religieuses*, a French weekly, on the subject of *The Fitness of Chinese for the Priesthood*.

Fr. Tchao says:

This fitness may be gauged from the point of view of intellect and from a moral standpoint.

From the point of intellect, a great initial difficulty is the knowledge of Latin.

The early missionaries considered it almost impossible for the Chinese to master this language, for their tongue has no points of contact with those of the Occident. Hence, the missionaries asked that Chinese seminarians might be allowed to pursue their studies in Chinese; but Rome refused.

Now it has been proved that the Chinese can master occidental languages, though it is very uphill work, especially during the first two years.

Once this initial difficulty is overcome, they are apt students of philosophy and theology, handle metaphysics readily, and their memory is often prodigious.

In discussing the fitness of Chinese for the priesthood, from the moral standpoint, Fr. Tchao draws on his own experience in South Eastern Chih-li and says:

The inhabitants are peasants, uncorrupted by city life. Their native honesty is sanctified by baptism and frequent Communion. It is natural that there should be many vocations to the priesthood among them.

In this mission the training received by the seminarians may be compared with that received in Europe.

In the preparatory colleges they study Chinese literature, but special attention is given to catechism, prayers, and bible history. They have prayers, Mass every morning, and frequent Communion. In the evening they recite the rosary and night prayers in common. They have an annual three-day retreat.

When students enter the Major Seminary, they have a half-hour's meditation, fifteen minutes' spiritual reading, a ten-minute examination of conscience, morning and evening, and an annual retreat. They are trained in singing, ceremonies, and preaching. The number of native priests in this mission has doubled, almost tripled, in twenty years' time.

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.

Maryknoll Medical Missions.

OUR people of this mission station, only a two-hour trip from Ko-chow, conduct a medicine shop. These shops are always nice places at which to stop—according to my taste. One is always sure of a pleasing smell in the atmosphere. In all points except one, they resemble the drug store in my old home burg, and that one point is that there are no bottles. Native medicines are not sold in liquid form, but must be cooked before taking. Every medicine shop has the same style of furniture—a broad chest of four-compartment drawers always painted black, sometimes gilded a bit, and always bearing the names of the contents on red paper labels. These drawers are more or less full of leaves, bark, and roots. On shelves are rows of little black, earthen crocks holding powders and smears. Bunches of larger herbs and roots hang about the room. A big cleaver for chopping the herbs and roots into bits, a couple of pestles for making powders, and large and small scales are the other essentials. The wall decorations are always interesting and sometimes startling. Pictorial sections from American papers are the great favorites, and the comic section is a prize. One is liable

to find papers from any city in the United States. I believe it would be amusing to trace the travels of one of these sheets from the time it left the press to its pasting on the walls of the Eternal Peace Medicine Shop in Noisy Water Valley.

As medicine must be had everywhere, and as the Chinese are great medicine "eaters," these little stores are to be found in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, and often carry side lines in other goods. Kerosene, salt, brown sugar, peanut oil, and such necessities are weighed out by the ounce. Grease candles and joss sticks are also convenient for the religiously inclined. The point in which they most resemble the corner drug store in the best little town on earth, is their social advantages. One can always find several men loafing there, and, in the evening after rice, there is seldom a vacant stool, until late in the night. The general discussions range over many topics, and it is amazing how a simple bit of news only a few hours' old can be almost unrecognizably distorted after it has gone the rounds of a few medicine stores.

Our prayers and Mass took place in



FATHER DEVLIN OF MILL HILL.
With his flock, India.

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a small room in another house, but my bed was set up in the shop, where my proceeding to retire broke up the meeting.

Next morning I watched the chemist fill a few prescriptions. These are written by the examining physician (every other Chinese who can read and write is a doctor) and call for ten or more ingredients. The latter are weighed and dumped in a heap, wrapped in paper or plant leaves, taken home and cooked into a soup, and forced down with fond hopes. If a few doses of one mixture fail to cure, the survivor will have recourse to another doctor, who will probably prescribe ten different things.

It is remarkable how much medicine of this kind the average Chinese consumes. Most of the stuff which is not imported from foreign lands, costs only a few pennies an ounce; but a man will tell you that he ate ten several dollars and still he wasn't cured, or that he ate the prescriptions of two or three healers. I heard of a rich man near here who spends a thousand dollars a year on medicine for his household. Some of the truck is really good, most of it is harmless; but some of it is horrible in itself and in its effects, for, if taken too often or in overdoses, it causes paralysis and loss of speech.

While I was watching my host make up a mixture, he spread it on a page from a Los Angeles daily, and, looking over the double-barreled charge, my eyes drifted to a cartoon entitled, "I will try anything once!" Said I, "I reckon not today."—Fr. Paschang.

Readers who live near enough to the metropolis may find it convenient to send their subscriptions to our Procure in New York, which is at 410 East 57th Street. There is always a representative of the Society at this house, where Maryknoll books and articles may be purchased. Should an interview with a Maryknoll priest be desired, this can be arranged. Stamps, tin foil, etc., can also be left at the Procure.

Circles.



THE WASH OUT.

A VALENTINE for Maryknoll! Why not? It would not be amiss, Circlers, on the good Saint's day to show your love for the Heart of Christ by a token for His missions. The smallest—one, a little prayer, an unkind word repressed, or a sacrifice made for the success of the Maryknoll mission—will win abundant graces from the Lover of all souls.

We are happy to note the increased activities of all our Circles for 1925. News of social doings will be found in each issue of *Knollchats*. Keep in the "ring" by letting us know what your Circle is planning for the month.

We are very grateful to the George Edward Circle of Winchester, Mass., for a generous check for Fr. Byrne; also for Circle dues sent in at the close of the year.

The members of Our Lady of Lourdes Circles have caught the true spirit of the mission Circle. Recently we received a generous offering for Masses for the repose of the souls of their deceased associates. With such a bond of charity existing among its members, Maryknoll is truly blessed in this group of coworkers.

Watch our Circles! You have a number of sturdy rivals. The pupils of Mount St. Mary's Academy, Idaho, have organized a mission club in every classroom. All are working hard for Maryknoll.

The Sisters in China were remembered with a generous check by Aquinas Circle, Winchester, Mass. St. Dominic's Circle of the same city sent a large box of linens and household articles.

Along with its Circle dues, St. Mary's Circle of Cambridgeport, Mass.,

enclosed a welcome donation toward the Leper Fund. Such are the little surprises that make life happy on the missions.

At a recent meeting, the Virgin Mary Mission Club of New Bedford, Mass., held a linen shower. One of the Maryknoll Fathers, who was visiting his home in that city, was the guest of honor.

Our Lady of Maryknoll Circle has completed its Student Aid Fund for the year, by a fifty-dollar check. This Circle is composed of a number of clerks in the New York Life Insurance Company, who, judging from their record of kind acts toward Maryknoll, have an enviable policy for eternity in the treasury of heaven.

The Maryknoll Circle at Eliot School remembered the missions with a generous gift toward a box of good cheer for the Maryknollers in fields afar.

The ever welcome Circle dues continue to ring in a bright New Year for the treasurer. Of recent date dues have hailed from St. Vincent de Paul Circle, Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Catherine's Circle, Irvington, N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier Circle, Brookline, Mass.

CRUSADERS!

We are sending our first payment (\$12) toward the cause concerning which you told us—the education of a boy in Loting, or wherever you wish. We pray continually for the success of Maryknoll.—*Monsignor Synnott Unit, Hartford, Conn.*

We are enclosing the check for Mt. St. Mary's Memorial Chapel in China. This \$1,000 has been delayed a little longer than we had hoped. A short memento in your prayers, we feel sure, will bring an added blessing on this year's work.—*Emmitsburg, Md.*

The St. Elizabeth College Mission Unit is enclosing a check for \$1,000 to be applied toward the Maryknoll Burse and to help you to further your work in the mission fields. We wish that the sum were larger.

—*Convent Station, N. J.*

The enclosed \$100 was raised for the Chinese missions, through the efforts of our Society. We ask that you send it to some one of the poorer Chinese missions, for the erection of a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette, as a memorial to ——.—*St. Thomas Mission Society, Denver, Col.*

Light weight vestments for summer are now being made at the Maryknoll convent in Hongkong. They are of simple or elaborate designs, as purchaser wishes. Material is of flaky Chinese silk, and the embroidery is by hand. Prices vary, according to the amount of embroidery, from \$20 up, for one set of vestments. Light weight silk cassocks may also be ordered. Address inquiries to

The Rev. Mother Superior,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

The *Outlook of Missions* (Protestant) says of the *Religion of the Primitives*: "To this author, missionary students and workers must be deeply indebted. . . . Family life, tribal customs, art development, temple construction—all are linked in with primitive religion. . . . His chapter of conclusions is very able."

For sale at Maryknoll—\$2.50.

The *Open Door Doctrine in Relation to China* is the title of a new book written by Mingchien Joshua Bau, Ph. D.

The New York *Herald* says of it:

Dr. Bau renders a signal service in this compact, lucid, and extraordinarily comprehensive book, which is put out under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus "historical series." Few men are so thoroughly competent to write such a history. Dr. Bau has made an exhaustive, critical study of all the documents and facts in the case, as he has already shown in his larger work on *The Foreign Relations of China*. He has the advantage of American as well as Chinese education, and shows a remarkably sympathetic understanding of both peoples. His attitude is judicial, dispassionate, even under the occasional sharp provocation to criticism. Finally, he is master of an admirable style; his books are highly readable, as well as trustworthy. The book is a politico-historical document of first-rate importance.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

Send for our Annuity Leaflet.

THE SISTERS WILL BE GLAD TO REMEMBER INTENTIONS.

Benefactions.



We're looking up to you!

"**SAY** what those politicians will, times are hard," a friend remarked recently, and we were tempted to add "harder." But Maryknoll rejoices in good friends who, even though money is scarce, find a way to relieve some of our burdens. "The poor ye have always with you," and we know, as do many others, that if we did not have the poor, we should be poorly off ourselves. For it seems to be a maxim that the more need some people have, the more they deprive themselves to advance the work of God.

During the past month, we were able, through the efforts of a generous benefactor, to add another Burse to the list of those completed. At the same time, two substantial gifts from priest-friends keep us mindful of the fact that they continue to be "our best."

While home needs were con-

sidered, the missions were not forgotten, and gifts designated for catechist support and for mission schools, churches, and orphanages, found their way to our desk. A Right Reverend friend, who has had undoubtedly many calls upon his own slender purse, proved the extent of his world-wide heart with a generous gift for our work in China.

May the interest to our benefactors be great, and eternal!

TO AN UNKNOWN BENEFACITOR.

Our spiritual exercises are finished and a fitting climax to it all was my Mass for you this morning.

I do not know you name, nor you, mine, and yet we are united in bonds of love—love for Christ and love for pagan souls.

And when the Holy Ghost is good to us, as today and other days of our retreat, we beg the Triune God to bless you and yours, to place you deep within His Sacred Heart, to lighten that Cross of yours which bears you down, to make you better, nobler, holier, and more peaceful still.

A Maryknoll Priest.

"The little volume is inspired"—

*"Just the thing to make us shut
our mouths against complaints"—*

*"It is a wonderful treasury of
spiritual help and encouragement"—*

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

is a dainty little volume containing selected thoughts from the letters of three young missioner-martyrs of the past century, together with brief accounts of their lives. It has 100 pages of text and portraits of the three martyrs. The binding is red cloth, stamped in gold.

NOW 60 CENTS, POSTPAID

WHY NOT ORDER A COPY FOR LENTEN READING?

The Field Afar Office

Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1925

This is a kind of cooperation that counts:

I have ascertained that the "Maryknoll Dozen" have been acquired by the Pratt Library, Baltimore, except, perhaps, *Maryknoll Mission Letters*. I shall try to have an editorial notice in our *Catholic Review*, calling attention to the "Maryknoll Dozen" and other similar works in the Pratt Library, so that our Catholic people will take them out.

Prayers are requested for the souls of the following:

Rev. John E. Clark, Rev. William McNamara, Sr. M. Baptist, Sr. M. Agatha, Sr. M. Clotilda, Mary A. Gallagher, Julia A. Tierney, Kathryn Doyle, Thomas J. Skelly, Mrs. Mary Ann Murphy, Mrs. Charles H. Doran, Mrs. Margaret Gordon, Mrs. Zeltver, Mrs. A. F. Hennelly, John Costello, Edward T. Woods, Mrs. M. Keegan, Gladys A. Ernst, William F. Hanley, Mrs. Margaret Becher, Mrs. Johanna Mulligan, Frank Witlig, Mrs. Mary McGurr, Mrs. Gertrude Groot, Mrs. Smith, Robert Neil, Catherine Schalber, Mrs. Thomas Flahr, William Perry, Sadie Sharkey, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. J. R. Gloutinger, Mrs. Jacob Ruppert, Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie, Annie Holland, J. E. Shields, Mary A. Murphy, Mrs. L. Rothle, Ellen White.

(Continued from page 57)

of ennui were it not for the fun he will have trying to build thirty-six churches, with schools and appurtenances; Fr. Cleary is the pastor of Gishu, with its environs, stations, and other works of clemency and difficulty, not the least being the problem of enlarging his convent for the Sisters who will seek shelter here in the fall; as for mesel', I shall hie me westward to the blooming burg of Shingishu, where we shall continue using as chapel the room in the catechist's house, though one-hundred-and-sixty give it a comfortable bulge, and pig pens on three sides supply interesting airs. At the same time I shall start light housekeeping, with my pal Teddy Airedale as a squatter on the Maryknoll estate, and watch our new church grow, if not in fact, at least in dreams and sketches in the sand—castles that Teddy's practical paw will prevent from ever becoming too airy. Some day I must tell you more about Teddy. He is excellent company, and has quite a lot of it himself; but he realizes his duty of giving good example, and so is never discouraged, always up to scratch.

STUDENT BURSES.

A Burse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

<i>The Most Precious Blood Burse</i>	\$4,609.08
<i>Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse</i> ..	4,574.18
<i>Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse</i> ..	4,050.00
<i>St. Patrick Burse</i>	3,944.99
<i>Trinity Wekanduit Burse</i>	3,603.53
<i>Curé of Ars Burse</i>	3,593.20
<i>St. Anthony Burse</i>	3,505.13
<i>St. Anne Burse</i>	3,249.63
<i>St. Philomena Burse</i>	3,105.00
<i>College of St. Elizabeth Burse</i>	3,005.00
<i>N. M. Burse</i>	3,000.00
<i>St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Burse</i>	2,994.59
<i>Fr. Chaminate Memorial Burse</i>	2,716.80
<i>Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse</i>	2,685.36
<i>St. Michael Burse No. 2</i>	2,501.83
<i>Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse</i>	2,500.00
<i>College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse</i>	2,500.00
<i>Father Chapon Burse</i>	2,230.00
<i>Dunwoodie Seminary Burse</i>	2,208.21
<i>Marywood College Burse</i>	2,100.50
<i>Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse</i>	2,071.89
<i>Holy Child Jesus Burse</i>	2,022.85
<i>Mother Seton Burse</i>	1,933.18
<i>Pius X Burse</i>	1,755.25
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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Why Jews Become Catholics. By Rosalie Marie Levy, 14 East 29th Street, N. Y. C. \$1.

Daily Communion. By the Rev. Louis F. Schlathoelter. Columbia Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$0.05; \$2.50 per hundred.

Novena for the Poor Souls in Purgatory. By the Rev. J. F. Durin. Columbia Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$0.15.

The Mass Intention Calendar. John W. Winterich, 1865 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. \$1.

Take and Read. By Fr. Faustin, O.F.M. Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 W. 51st St., Chicago, Ill. \$0.05.

American Democracy and Catholic Doctrine. By Sylvester J. McNamara, M. A. International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. \$0.25; \$20 per hundred.

Im Kapuzinerkleide. By P. Bruno von Cleve, O. M. Cap. Xaverius Verlagsbuchhandlung, A. G., Aachen und Verlag Immensee (Schweiz).

Welt und Wissen, 1925. By Dr. P. Louis, Aachen, Xaveriusverlag, M. 4.

Koreanische Konversations-Grammatik. By P. Andreas Eckhardt, O. S. B., Wonsan, Korea. Julius Groos, Heidelberg.

Schlussel zur Koreanischen Konversations—Grammatik. By P. Andreas Eckhardt, O. S. B. Julius Gross, Heidelberg.

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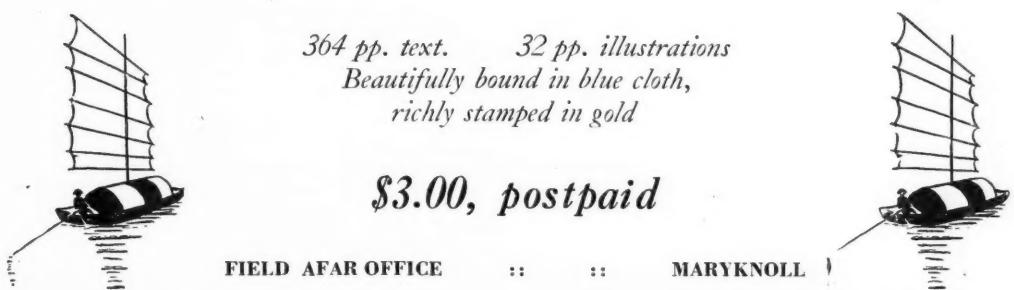
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—*Homiletic Review, N. Y.*

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